[3.]

THE GENTLEMAN OF VENICE

A Tragi-Comedie

Presented at the Private house in *Salisbury* Court by her Majesties Servants.

Written by

JAMES SHIRLEY.

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley* and are to be sold at his Shop at the *Princes Armes* in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1655.

TO THE
HONORABLE
Sir *THO. NIGHTINGALE*
Baronet.

SIR,

THE Poem that approacheth to kiſs your hand, had once a ſingular grace and luſtre from the Scene, when it enjoy'd the life of action; Nor did it want the beſt hands to applaud it in the Theater; But nothing of theſe is conſiderable, to the Honour it may receive now from your Confirmation and acceptance.

I muſt acknowledge many years have paſt, ſince it did *Vagire in Cunis*, and when it had gotten ſtrength, and legs to walk, traveling without direction, it loſt it ſelf, till it was recovered after much inquiſition, and now upon the firſt return home, hath made this fortunate addreſſe, and application to your Patronage; In which my ambition is ſatisfied.

I know this Nation hath been fruitfull in names

names of Eminent Honor. But in theſe times, there be more Lords then Noblemen, and while you are pleas'd to ſmile upon this piece, I moſt cheerfully throw my ſelfe, and it upon your Protection, whoſe ſingle worth to me, is beyond all the boaſted Greatneſſe and voluminous titles of our age.

Be pleas'd to read, what is preſented you, at an hour, you will dedicate to Recreation, and preſerve the Author in your memory, whoſe higheſt deſires are to make good the Character of

Sir,

The moſt humble among
thoſe that honor you

JAMES SHIRLEY

The names with ſome ſmall Characters of the Perſons.

THE *Duke of* Venice.

Cornari *a Gentleman of* Venice *of a great fortune, but having no Child, contrives to have an heir from his wife, and againſt the nature and cuſtome of the* Italian, *indeeres an Engliſh gentleman to her affection and ſociety.*

Florelli *the Engliſh Gentleman of a Noble extraction and perſon, much honoured for his parts, by which he gained much reputation in the Academies.*

Malipiero *Nephew to* Cornari, *a man of a violent ſpirit, and hated by his Uncle, for his debaucheries.*

Giovanni, (*ſuppos'd Son of* Roberto *the Dukes Gardiner*) *whoſe noble mind could not bee ſuppreſt, in his low condition, and in love with* Bellaura.

Thomazo, *the ſuppoſed Son of the Duke, whom no precepts, nor education at Court, could forme into honorable deſires, or employments.*

Marino } *Courtiers of Honor.*
Candiano }

Roberto *the Dukes Gardiner, an humorous jolly old man.*

Bernardo } *companions of* Malipiero
Marcello }
Georgio, *the Gardiners servant.*
Bravos.
Attendants.
Soulaiers.

Bellaura *the Dukes Niece, whom* Giovanni *passionately affected.*

Claudiana *wife to* Gornari, *a Lady of excellent beauty, ingratiated by her husband to* Florelli *the english Gentleman.*

Ursula *wife to* Roberto, *a frowardwoman, and who much doted upon* Thomazo *her Nursechild.*

Rosabella *a Curtesan.*

The Scene.

VENICE.

THE

THE GENTLEMAN OF *VENICE.*

Act. I.

Enter Malipiero, *who knocks at a Doore, to him a Servant.*

Mal.

Here is my Uncle ſirra?

Ser. Not within.

Mal. Come hither, tell me truth.

Ser. Hee's gone abroad.

Mal. He has commanded your officious rogueſhip.

To deny him to me. [*Mal. kicks him.*]

Ser. What do you mean ſir? (kicks

Mal. To ſpeak with my Uncle ſirrah, and theſe Shall fetch him hither.

Ser. Help. [*He runnes in*]

Mal. Your howling will

Be his kue to appear.

Enter Cornari.

Cor. What insolence is this?

Mal. No insolence: I did but correct your knave,
Because I would not lose my labour sir,
I came to speak w'ee.

Cor. Shall I not be safe
Within my house? hence.

Mal. I ha not done yet.

Cor. You were best assault me too.

Mal. I must borrow money,
And that some call a striking; but you are
My very loving Uncle, and do know
How necessary it is, your Nephew should not
Want for your honor.

Cor. Hence; I disclaim,
And throw thee from my blood; thou art a bastard.

Mal. Indeed you do lie Uncle, and 'tis love,
And reverence bids me say so, it would cost
Dear, should the proudest Gentleman of *Venice*
Have call'd my Mother whore, but you shall onely
By the disbourse of fifty Duccats take
My anger off, and i'le be still your Nephew,
And drink your health, and my good Aunts.

Cor. Drink thy
Confusion.

Mal. Heaven forbid your Heir should so
Forget himself, and lose the benefit
Of such a fair Estate as you have Uncle;
Shall I have Gold for present use?

Cor. Not a Zechine.

Mal. Consider but what Company I keep.

Cor. Things that lie like Consumptions on their
Family,
And will in time eat up their very name;
A knot of fooles and knaves.

Mal.

Mal. Take heed, be temperate,
A hundred Duccats elſe wil hadly ſatisfie,
The Dukes own Son Signior *Thomazo* wo'not
Bluſh to be drunk ſir in my company.
Cor. He is corrupted
Amongſt diſeaſes like thy ſelf, become
His Fathers ſhame and ſorrow, and hath no
Inheritance of his noble nature.
Mal. You
Were beſt call him baſtard too, the money
I modeſtly demanded, and that quickly,
And quietly, before I talk aloud,
I may be heard to'th Palace elſe.
Cor. Thou heard? i'le tel thee,
Were treaſon talk'd, I believe thy teſtimony
Would hold no credit againſt the hangman, but
I loſe too pretious time in dialogue with thee,
To be ſhort therefore know.———
Mal. Very well, to'th point.
Cor. I will conſume all my eſtate my ſelf. (tion.
Mal. You do not know the waies without inſtru-
Cor. I will be inſtructed then.
Mal. I doe like that,
Let's joyn ſocieties; and ile be ſatisfied;
Let me have part in the conſuming of
The mony, that does mould for want of Sun-beams
Within your muſty Coffers, I'le releaſe you.
You have no ſwaggering face; but I can teach
Your very lookes to make a noyſe, and if
You cannot drink or game, wee'l ha' devices;
You may have whores, I that but live in hope
After your death, keep twelve in penſion,
They wear my Livery, I'le reſigne the Leverets,
I can ha more, I have a liſt of all
The Curtezans in *Venice*, which ſhall tumble
And keep their bugle bowes for thee dear Uncle,

Wee'l teach thee a thouſand waies.

Cor. It ſhannot need,
I ſhall take other courſes with my wealth,
And none of you ſhall ſhare in't. I have a humour
To turn my mony into Hoſpitalls;
Your riots come not thither.

Mal. But we may,
Drink, and diſeaſes are the waies to that too,
But will you turn a Maſter of this Colledge
You talk of Uncle? this ſame Hoſpitall?
And lay out mony to buy wooden leggs
For crippl'd men of War, invite to your coſt
Men that have loſt their noſes in hot ſervice?
Live and converſe with roten bawdes & boneſetters,
Provide Penſions for ſurgery, and hard words
That eat like Corroſives, and more afflict
The patient? but you'l ſave charges, I conſider
My Aunt, your wife——

Cor. How darſt thou mention her
With thy foul breath.

Mal. May be excellent at compoſing
Of Med'cines for corrupted lungs, impoſtumes
At making plaiſters, dyet drinks, and in charity
Will be a great friend to the pox.

Cor. Thou villain.

Mal. And you'l be famous by't, I may in time
As I ſaid before, if luſt, and wine aſſiſt me,
Grow unſound too, and be one of her patients;
And have an office after in her houſhold
To prepare lint, and ſearcloths, empty veines,
And be controller of the Crutches, oh
The world would praiſe the new foundation
Of ſuch a Peſt houſe, and the poor ſoules drink
Your health at every Feſtivall in hot porredge.

Cor. Art thou of kin to me?

Mal. I think I am,

As

As near as your brothers eldeſt Son, who had
No competent eſtate from his own parents.
And for that reaſon by wiſe nature was
Ordain'd to be your heir that have enough Uncle.
The fates muſt be obeyed, and while your land
Is faſtned to my name for want of males,
Which I do hope, if my Aunt hold her barrenneſſe
You will never bang out of her Sheaf, I may
Be confident to write my ſelf your Nephew.

Cor. Thou haſt no ſeeds of goodneſs in thee, but
I may find waies to croſs your hopefull intereſt.

Mal. You'l find no ſeeds in my Aunts parſlybed
I hope, and then I'm ſafe, but take your courſe,
Supply me for the preſent, for your honour——
The Duccats come.

Cor. You are coſened.

Mal. As you would not
Have me pull down this houſe, when you are dead
And build a ſtewes, the Duccats come.

Cor. Thou coward!

Mal. Becauſe I do not cut your throat, that were
The way to diſinherit my ſelf queintly.

Cor. Canſt thou not ſteal? & ſo deſerve a hanging?

Mal. Yes I can, and am often tempted, but I wo'not
Do you that mighty wrong, to let what you have
So long, and with ſo little conſcience gathered,
Be loſt in confiſcation by my fellony.
I know a way worth ten on't; yet thus much
I'le bind it with an oath, when I turn thief,
Your Gold ſhall be the firſt I will make bold with,
In the mean time lend me the trifling Duccats,
And do not trouble me.

Cor. Not a *Muccinigo*
To ſave thee from the Gallies.

Mal. No? the Gallies!

Muſt I ſhift ſtill? remember, and die ſhortly
I'le live, I will, and 'rather then not be
Reveng'd on thy eſtate, I will eat roots
Courſe ones I mean, love, and undoe an herbwife
With eating up her ſallets, live and lap
Onely in barly water, think on't yet,
I am now for wine, you know not what that heat
May do, the injury being ſo freſh, I may
Return, and you'l repent.

Cor. 'Tis more then I
Can hope of thee, go to your rabble ſir.

Mal. You a Gentleman of *Venice*? but remember,
A pox 'a your wealth, I will do ſomething
To deſerve the halter, that I may diſgrace
The houſe I came on, and at my Execution
Make ſuch a ſpeech, as at the report, thou ſhalt
Turn deſperate, and with the remnant of
My Cord go hang thy ſelf, and that way forfeit
All thy Eſtate when I am dead, i'le do
Or this, or ſomething worſe to be reveng'd.

Exit, Mal.

Enter Servant.

Cor. Hee's loſt, this doth new fire my reſolution;
See if your Miſtris be yet ready ſirra,
Say I expect her. *Exit Servant.*
My blood is almoſt in a fever with
My paſſion, but *Claudiana* may cure all,
Whom I have wrought with importunity
To be ſpectator at the exerciſe
This day 'ith Academy, here ſhe comes,

Enter Claudiana.

Art ready?

Clau. Ever to obey you ſir,
But if you would conſider yet, you may
Be kind, and let me ſtay, I dare not think
You are leſs careful of my honor, but

You

You gave once Command with my conſent too,
Not to be ſeen too much abroad.
Cor. I did.
I muſt confeſſe *Claudiana*, I had thoughts
And ſcruples which thy innocence hath clear'd,
And though our nice *Italian* every where
Impoſe ſeverely on their wives; I ſhould
Be unjuſt to make thee ſtill a priſoner to
Thy melancholly Chamber, take the aire,
'Tis for thy health, and while I wait upon thee,
Thou art above the tongue, and wound of ſcandall.
Clau. I know your preſence takes off all diſhonor,
But——
Cor. No more, I charge thee by thy love,
And to convince all arguments againſt it;
I have provided ſo, thou ſhalt obſerve
Unſeen the bold contentions of art,
And action.
Clau. I'm not well.
Cor. I ſhall be angry
If my deſires be plai'd withall, pretend not
With purpoſe to delude me, I have bleſſings
Stor'd in thy health, but if you practiſe any
Infirmity to croſs my will, that almes
At the ſecurity of thy health and honour——
Clau. Sir, you ſhall ſteere me.
Cor. This becomes *Claudiana*,
I will thank thee in a kiſs, prepare
The *Gondelo*.
Ser. It waites [*Within*]
Cor. And I on thee,
The treaſure of my eyes, and heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Roberto, Urſula, Georgio.

Rob. Where is my ſon *Giovanni* ſirra?
Geo. Hee went two hours agoe to the Academy,
To ſee the exerciſe to day.

Urſ.

Ursf. How's that?
What business has he there, pray 'mongst Gentlemen?
He does presume too much.
Ro. Patience good *Ursula.* (him
Ursf. You give him to much reine; 'twould become
To follow his profession, and not look after
Those gentlemanly sports.
Ro. No tempest wife,
No thundring *Ursula*, am not I the Dukes
Chief Gardiner, ha? and shall I make my Son
A drudg; confine him here to be an earth-worm,
Live like a mole, or make it his last blessing
To plant, and order quickset; let him walk,
And see the fashions.
Ursf. He has cost you sweetly
To bring him up, what use had he of learning?
What benefit, but to endanger us,
And with his poring upon books at midnight,
To set the house on fire, let him know how
To rule a spade, as you ha done.
Ro. He does so,
And knowes how to inoculate my *Ursula*,
My nimble tongue, no more: because he read
The story of *Zantippe* to'ther night
That could out-talk a drum, and sound a point
Of War to her husband honest *Socrates*,
You took a pet; he shall abroad sometimes
And read and write till his head ake. Go to
Ursf. So, so, the Dukes Garden shall be then
Well look't to, he deserves a Pension,
For reading *Amadis de gaule*, and *Guzman*,
And *Don Quixot*, but i'le read him a lecture.
Ro. You will? offer but to bark at him,
And I will send him to the University
To anger thee, nay he shall learn to fence too,
And fight with thee, at twenty severall weapons

Except

Exeept thy two edged tongue, a little thing
Would make me entertain a dancing maſter,
Peace, or I will deſtroy thy Kitchin *Vrſula*,
Diſorder all thy trinkets, and in ſtead
Of braſſe and pewter, hang up *Violl de Gambos*,
I'le ſet an Organ up at thy beds head,
And he ſhall play upon't: what tyrannicall
To thy own fleſh and blood, to *Giovanni*?
My heir, my onely boy? fetch me a taylor,
He ſhall have new cloaths, and no more be warm
With the reverſion of your peticoates,
Do not provoke me, what imperious?
Get you in, or I will ſwinge you, go, and weed.

Vrſ. Now for vexation could I cry my heart out.
Exit.

Ro. Sirra ſtay you, and is *Giovanni* gone
To'th' Academy ſaiſt?

Geo. Yes ſir, they ſay,
There is an Engliſh Gentleman, that winns
The Garland from 'em all at every exerciſe,
One of the Court told my young maſter on't,
(As he enquired of every Gentleman
Comes in to'th' Garden, what's the newes abroad)

Ro. And does he not tell thee tales & dainty ſtories
Sometimes?

Geo. Oh, of *Tamberlain*, and the great Turk, & all
His Concubines, he knowes 'em to a hair,
He is more perfect in the Chronicles
Then I am in my prayers.

Ro. I do believ't

Geo. And talkes a battell, as he were among 'em,
He tickles all your turbants, and in a rage,
Wiſhes he had the cutting of their Cabbages
To ſhew what houſe he came on.

Ro. Ha my boy!

Geo. Oh ſir he has a peſtilent memory,

He

He told me to'ther day there was another
World in the Moon, and that the world we live in
Shines like to that, to people that live there,
How many miles it is about the Earth,
How many to the ſtarrs, I fear he will
Be mad, if he read much, 'tis juſt like ravening,
And ſuch hard words would choak me to repeat 'em.

Ro. He never tells me this.

Geo. We are familiar.
You are his Father, and he dares not lie
To you, to me he may talk any thing,
He knowes my underſtanding to an inch.
Would you would ſpeak to him though, to take a little
More paines, 'tis I do all the droile, the durtwork:
When I am digging; he is cutting Unicornes,
And Lyons in ſome hedge, or elſe deviſing
New knots upon the ground, drawing out Crowns
And the Dukes armes, Caſtles and Cannons in 'em,
Here Gallies, there a Ship giving a broad ſide,
Here out of turfe he carves a Senatour
With all his robes, making a ſpeech to Time
That grows hard by, and twenty curioſities,
I think he meanes to embroider all the Garden
Shortly, but I do all the courſe-worke; here's
My Miſtris agen.

Enter Vrſula.

Ro. What, is the ſtorm laid?

Vrſ. I muſt be patient: your ſonne's not come yet

Ro. Why now thou art *Vrſa Maior*, love thy whelp,
And we are friends.

Vrſ. Was not the Dukes Son here?
I fear he is ſick, that I have not ſeen him
Theſe two daies in the Garden.

Geo.

Geo. There's a Gentleman.

Vrſ. I, there's a Gentleman indeed.
I dream't on him laſt night, pray heaven he be
In health, I prethee make enquiry,
There's a Gentleman, and you talk of a Gentleman.

Geo. Signior *Thomazo*?

Ro. Where is hee?

Geo. I know not, but my miſtris would ſend me
To know the ſtate of his body.

Ro. Why, how now *Vrſula*? ſirra about you buſineſſe,
And ſpare that inquiſition, what hath
Your impudence to do with the *Dukes Son*?

Vrſ. Have not I to do that gave him ſuck?
I hope I was his nurſe, and it becomes me
To enquire of his health, he is the very pearl
Of curteſie, not proud nor coy I warrant you,
But gentle as my Sunday muffe.

Ro. Your conny skinne.

Vrſ. I am the better when I look upon him,
There' a gentleman, and you talk of a gentleman,
So compleat, ſo affable, a ſcholar too,
If I could underſtand him, prethee ſweet heart,
Get me with child that I may long a little.

Ro. For a piece of the *Dukes Son*?

Vrſ. I ſhall nere forget how pretily
He took the niple, and would play, and prattle himſelf
Aſleep I warrant you, but hee's now a man,
A great man, and he remembers me ſtill:
There's a gentleman, and you talk of a gentleman.

Ro. The woman dotes. *Exit.*

Enter Marino *meeting* Candiano *a Senatour.*

Mar. Whither ſo faſt?

Can. To the Academy.

Ma. Spare

Your haſt, all's done.

Can. Who has the vote to day?

Mar. The Engliſh Gentleman is ſtill victorious.
All praiſes flow upon him, he ha's depos'd
Our City, which hath now reſign'd her Lawrell.

Enter Florelli *and other gentlemen.*

Can. Is not this hee?

Mar. The ſame, in's face the promiſe
Of a moſt noble nature.

Flo. Gentlemen,
Pray give me leave, to underſtand your language,
For this, ſo much above me, ſcarce will be,
(When I'm leſſe ignorant), worth my thanks.

1. *Gent.* This is
We know pretence of modeſty, we muſt
Congratulate your triumph.

Flo. For this time
I'le be content your praiſes ſhall abuſe me.
Who are theſe?

Mar. Friends and Honorers of your worth.

Flo. I ſee that courteſie is native here,
All the reward I can return, muſt be
To ſpeak abroad the Nobleneſſe of *Venice*
For ſo much grace to an unworthy ſtranger.

Can. The Duke himſelfe.

Enter Duke, Thomazo, Senators, Malipiero.

Du. We muſt reſolve to ſend new forces
And ſpeedily, the flame will elſe endanger
Venice it ſelf.

Sen. This town loſt will encourage
The inſulting Genoweſe.

Du. Thomazo!

Tho. Sir.

Du. I look when you will ask me leave to traile
A pike, and purchaſe honor in theſe Warrs.

Tho. I have not been well ſince I was laſt

Let

Let blood, and therefore if you pleaſe, I would
Be excus'd till the next warrs, and then have at 'em;
By that time I ſhall be a better rapier man.
Du. This fool is the diſhonor of my blood,
He declines all that's noble, and obeyes
A baſe and vulgar appetite, he dwells
Like a diſeaſe within my name, but 'tis
Heavens puniſhment, what are they ?
Mari. All ſtrangers, but among them one
In whom you may read ſomething worth your grace,
An Engliſh Gentleman.
Du. He, to whom fame
Gives the honor of our exerciſes, nature
With ſuch an active heat might have built up
My Son, but hee's curſt to live a ſhadow,
Marino *fetches* Florelli *to kiſs the Dukes hand.*
Welcome ſir to *Venice.* (Son.
Tho. He ſhall kiſs my hand too, I am the Dukes
Flo. You honor me.
Du. Thomazo give that gentleman
A box 'oth ear.
Tho. He wo'not take it kindly,
He is one ———
Du. Will ſtrike agen, is not that it ?
Tho. I would not uſe a ſtranger ſo diſcourteouſly, or elſe ——— (thy of
Du. Embrace him then, and make your ſelf wor-
His friendſhip and converſe, you'l gain more honor
Then the empty title of your birth can bring yee :
But to the great affairs the War, your Counſells.
Exeunt Duke, Senatour and Marino.
Tho. My father bids me embrace you ſir.
Flo. I ſhall
Be proud when I can do you any ſervice.
Tho. Gentlemen, pray know me every one,

I am the Dukes Son, my name's *Signior Thomazo.*

Gent. You do us too great honor.

Mal. We had no object worth our envy ſir
Till you arriv'd, you have at once diſhonored,
And made our *Venice* fortunate.

Tho. Malipiero, let's bid 'em welcome in rich wine.

Mal. I attend you ſir.
This fellow muſt not live to boaſt his trophees,
He may ſupplant me too, if he converſe
Too freely with *Thomazo*, whoſe courſe wit
Is all the ſtock I live by, pleaſe you gentlemen
To walk.

Gent. We follow.

Tho. I would not have the way
But that you are a ſtranger.

Gen. it becomes you. *Ex. Omnes.*

Act. 2.

Enter Cornari *and* Claudiana, *as in the Duke Garden.*

Cla.

I have obey'd you ſir.

Cor. Thou haſt done well
My *Claudiana*, very well, who dare
Traduce thee for't? am I not carefull of thee?
I prethee give me thy opinion
Who deſerv'd beſt of all the gentlemen?

Cla. I have not art enough to judge.

Cor. But thou
Haſt fancie, and a liberall thought, that may
Beſtow thy praiſe on ſome or other, tell me
If thou hadſt been to give the garland, prethee

Whoſe

Whoſe head ſhould wear it? though wee ha not judgement
To examine, and prepare our juſtice; yet
Where nien contend for any victory,
Affection may diſpoſe us, and by ſome
Secret in nature we do ſtill incline
To one, and guard him with our wiſhes.
Cla. I hope
This is but mirth.
Cor. By my regard to thy
Fair honor, nothing elſe, it ſhannot riſe
To a diſpute, who ha's the vote to day
Of all the gentlemen? I muſt know.
Cla. They are
To me indifferent.
Cor. So is my queſtion, but I muſt have more,
It cannot be but ſome man muſt deſerve
More print and poize in thy opinion,
Speak as thou lov'ſt me *Claudiana.*
Cla. Sir,
Your inquiſition is not without change
Of lookes upon me, and thoſe ſmiles you ask with,
Are not your own I fear.
Cor. Nay, then you dally,
And undoe that obedience, I ſo much
Commended.
Cla. Dear *Cornari.*
Cor. Yet agen?
The man, tell me the man?
Cla. What man?
Cor. The gentleman
That beſt deſerves in thy opinion:
I ſhall be angry: what deny to give me
This triviall ſatisfaction? the expence
Of a little breath? why do you tremble ſo?
Cla. Alas, I know not what to anſwer, this

Muſt needs engender fears in my cold boſome,
That my poor honor is betrai'd, and I
Stand in your thoughts ſuſpected of ſome guilt
I never underſtood, if the report
Of malice have abus'd me to your ear,
(For by your ſelf I am all innocent)
Cor. What do you mean *Claudiana*?
Cla. Sir, your queſtion
Hath frighted me, 'tis ſtrange, and killing to
My tender apprehenſion.
Cor. Y'are a fool
To be thus troubled, and but that I know
The purity of thy faith to me, this language
Would make me jealous, 'tis an ill dreſs't paſſion,
And paleneſſe, that becomes not *Claudiana*
To wear upon her modeſt cheek, I ſee
Thy heart ſick in thy eyes, be wiſe, and cure it,
My queſtion was but mirth, without the ſence
Of the leaſt ſcruple in my ſelf, or meaning
To diſcompoſe one chearfull look.
Cla. Your pardon.
Cor. And you as ſafely might have anſwered me,
As I had caſually ask't the time o'th day;
What dreſſing you delight in, or what gown
You moſt affect to wear.
Cla. Once more I ask you pardon, you reſtore me,
And I am now ſecur'd by your clear goodneſſe,
To give my weak opinion——
Cor. Of the man
That did appear in thy thoughts to deſerve
Moſt honor.
Cla. You'l excuſe a womans verdict,
My voice is for the ſtranger ſir.
Cor. Why ſo!
You like him beſt? what horror was in this
Poor queſtion now? you mean the Engliſh man?

Cla.

Cla The ſame, moſt graceſull in his parts & perſon.
Cor. 'Tis well, I'me ſatisfied, and we both meet
In one opinion too, he is indeed
The braveſt *Cavalier*, what hurt's in all
This now? I ſee you can diſtinguiſh, were t thou
A virgin *Claudiana*, thou would'ſt find
Gentle and eaſie thoughts to entertain
So promiſing a ſervant; I ſhould be
Taken with him my ſelf, were I a Lady,
And lov'd a man.
Cla. How's this? my feares return.
Enter Bellaura *and* Georgio.
Cor. Madam *Bellaura* the Dukes charge is entred
The Garden, let's chooſe another walk. *Ex.*
Bel. Why you are conceited ſirra, does wit
Grow in this Garden?
Ge. Yea, Madam while I am in't, I am a ſlip
My ſelf.
Bel. Of Roſemary or time?
Ge. Of wit ſweet Madam. (tering.
Bel. 'Tis pitty, but thou ſhouldſt be kept with wa-
Ge. There's wit in every Flower, if you can gather it.
Bel. I am of thy mind.
But what's the wit prethee of yonder tulip? (tier.
Ge. You may read there the wit of a young Cour-
Bel. What's that?
Ge. Pride, and ſhew of colours, a fair promiſing,
Deare when 'tis bought, and quickly comes to nothing.
Bel. The wit of that roſe?
Ge. If you attempt
Madam to pluck a roſe, I ſhall find a moral in't.
Bel. No Country wit? (which here
Ge. That growes with pot-herbes, and poor roots,
Would be accounted weeds, courſe things of profit,
Whoſe

Whoſe end is kitchin Phyſick, and ſound health;
Two things not now in faſhion.
Bel. Your wit dances.
Where learn't you all theſe moralls?
Geo. I but glean
From my young maſter *Giovanni* Madam,
Hee'l run diviſion upon every flower,
He ha's a wit able to kill the weeds,
And ripen all the fruit in the Dukes Orchard.
Bel. Where is *Giovanni*?
Geo. He went betimes to'th Academy,
He is at all the exerciſes, we
Shall ha ſuch newes when he comes home.
Bel. Why does
Your maſter (being rich) ſuffer his ſon
To work i'th garden? (Madam,
Geo. My maſter? hee's an honeſt mortall man
It is my miſtriſs, that commands him to't,
A ſhrow, and loves him not, but 'tis no matter;
I ha' the better company, hee's here.

Enter Giovanni.

I'le leave him to you Madam, I muſt now
Water my plants. *Exit.*
Bel. Why? how now *Giovanni*, you frequent I hear
The Academies.
Gio. When I can diſpence
Madam, with time, and theſe employments, I
Intrude a glad ſpectator at thoſe ſchooles
Of wit and action, which although I cannot
Reach, I am willing to admire, and look at
With pitty of my ſelf loſt here in darkneſſe.
Bel. By this expreſſion I may conceive
How much you have improv'd, & gain'd a language
Courtly, and modeſt.
Gio. Madam, you are pleas'd
To make my uneven frame of words your mirth.

I

I profeſſe nothing but an humble ignorance,
And I repent not, if by any way
(My duty and manners ſafe) it may delight you.
Bel. Indeed *Giovanni* I am pleas'd, but not
With your ſuſpition, that my praiſes are
Other then what become my ingenuous meaning,
For if I underſtand, I like your language,
But with it I commend your modeſt ſpirit.
Gio. It is an honour Madam, much above
My youths ambition, but if I poſſeſſe
A part of any knowledge you have dain'd
To allow, it owes it ſelf unto this ſchool.
Bel. What ſchool?
Gio. This Garden Madam, 'tis my Academy,
Where gentlemen, and Ladies (as your ſelf,
The firſt and faireſt, durſt I call you miſtris,)
Enrich my eare, and obſervation
With harmony of language, which at beſt
I can but coldly imitate.
Bel. Still more courtly!
Why how now *Giovanni*, you will be
Profeſſor ſhortly in the art of complement,
You were beſt quit the Garden, & turn Courtier.
Gio. Madam, I think upon the Court with reverence,
My fate, is to adore it afar off,
It is a glorious Landſchape, which I look at
As ſome men with narrow optick glaſſes
Behold the ſtarrs, and wonder at their vaſt
(Though unknown) habitable worlds of brightneſs:
But were my eye a nearer judge, and I
Admitted to a clearer knowledge Madam
Of the Court life, there I might find the truth
Of mans beſt Ideas, and enjoy the happineſſe,
Now onely mine by naked ſpeculation,
I think how there I ſhould throw off my duſt

And riſe a new Creation.

Bel. The Court
Is much beholding to you *Giovanni.*

Gio. It is a duty Madam I owe truth.

Bel. A truth in ſuppoſition all this while.

Gio. I ſhould be ſad if any experience ſhould
Betray an error in my faith, and yet
So ſoft and innocent a treſpaſſe, Madam,
Might well expect a pardon.

Bel. Some that have
Freely enjoy'd the pleaſures, or what elſe
You ſo advance in Court, have at the laſt
Been weary, and accus'd their gay Condition,
Nay, chang'd their ſtate for ſuch an humble life
As you profeſſe, a gardiner.

Geo. I deſpiſe not
What I was born to Madam, but I ſhould
Imagine the diſeaſe lay in the mind,
Not in the Courtier, that would throw away
So ſpacious a bleſſing to be ſervile.

Bel. You know not *Giovanni* your own happineſs,
Nor the Court ſinnes, the pride and ſurfeits there
Come not within your circle, there are few
Purſue thoſe noble tracts your fancy aims at,
It is a dangerous Sea to launch into,
Both ſhelves and rockes you ſee not, I, & mermaids.

Gio. What are they Madam?

Bel. You have heard of Mermaides.

Gio. You mean not women I hope Madam?

Bel. Yes.

Gio. Oh do not by ſo hard an application
Increaſe the Poets torment, that firſt made
That fabulous ſtory to diſgrace your ſex,
Y'are firm, and the fair ſeal of the great maker,
A print next that of Angels.

Bel. We are bound t'ee

If

If our cauſe want a flouriſh, you have art
To make us ſhew fair.
Gio. And you are ſo,
'Tis malice dares traduce you; or blind ignorance
That throws her ſtrains, which fall off from your figures,
For thoſe which weaker underſtandings cal
Your ſpots, are ermines, and can ſuch as theſe
Darlings of heaven, and nature, women, ſhoot
At Court an influence like unlucky planets?
They cannot ſure, why you live Madam there,
That are enough to prove all praiſe, a truth,
And by a ſweet example make 'em all
Such as you are objects of love and wonder,
Oh then how bles't are they that live at Court,
With freedome to converſe with ſo much virtue;
As your fair ſex embraceth.

Enter Urſula.

Bel. Here's your mother.
Gio. Shee was too haſty.
Vrſ. Madam I hope you'l pardon my ſons rudeneſs
To hold diſcourſe with your Ladiſhip.
Bel. 'Tis a courteſie,
And he talkes well to paſſe away the time,
Exceeding well, but I muſt to my Guardian
The Duke—— *Exit.*
Vrſ. Happineſſe attend your Ladiſhip.
Now ſir what are you thinking of?
Gio. Your pardon, nothing.
Vrſ. Nay ſtay, I muſt talk with you my ſelf,
But firſt what talk had you with my Lady?
Gio. She was pleas'd to ask ſome queſtions.
Vrſ. What were they?
Gio. I ha' forgot.
Vrſ. You ha' forgot y'are a leud
And ſawcy boy, go to, your father ſpoiles you;

Enter Roberto.

Vrſ. But if you uſe me ſirra 'oth this faſhion
I'le break your pate, I will, the Dukes owne ſonne
(My bleſſing upon him) would not anſwer me
With I ha' forgot, I warrant you, but you——

Ro. Why, how now *Vrſula*, what? perpetuall clamours?

Vrſ. Oh here's your ſtickler.

Gio. Nothing unkind to me, ſhe was angry
With your ſervant *Georgio*, and threatned to break
His head, away——

Geo. My head? come heeles.------ *Exit.*

Ro. Was it but ſo? ſhe ſhall, ſhe ſhall do that,
With all my heart, and I will break it too.

Vrſ. Nay, then I will be friends with him.

Ro. Where's the knave?

Vrſ. I wo'not be compell'd to break his head,
And you were twenty husbands; fare you wel.

Ro. 'Tis ſuch a waſp, but ſhe ſhannot wrong thee.

Gio. I know ſhe wo'not ſir, ſhe is my mother,
She comes agen.

Enter Thomazo, Malipiero, Barnardo *and* Marcello.

Vrſ. My heart does leap to ſee you.

Ro. The Dukes ſon, and a troop of gallants, but I alwaies have ſore eyes to ſee one there,
That Signior *Malipiero*, he does owe me
Already forty Crownes, and I forgive him.

Mal. Signior *Roberto*, remember that I owe
You forty Crowns.

Ro. Pray, do you forget 'em.

Mal. I never pay till it come to a hundred.

Ro. Never pay! it is no matter *Signior*.
I were beſt be gone before he borrow more,
It is a trick he uſes to put on
With his rich clothes, I'le vaniſh. *Exit.*

Mal. Strange this Engliſh man appears not? *Vrſ.*

Vrſ. I was afraid you had been ſick my Lord.
Tho. I was never ſick in my life, but when
I had a feaver, or ſome other infirmity.
I'le call thee nurſe ſtil. *Giovanni.*
Gio. Sir.
Tho. Thou lookeſt like a changling.
Gio. The more's my misfortune.
You are the Dukes ſon. *Exit.*
Tho. Who can help it? nurſe,
Vrſ. He was never courteous to women.
Here's a gentleman, and they talk of a gentleman,
Now could I weep for joy. I muſt take my leave ſir.
Tho. I muſt make bold with my nurſe.
Vrſ. Bleſſings upon thy heart, how ſweetly he kiſſes.
Here was a touch for a Lady. *Exit.*
Tho. Go thy waies,
An admirable twanging lip, pitty thou art
A thought too old: ha wagtaile!
Ber. Does he come alone?
Mal. Alone, be you reſolute
When you ſee me draw, ſhoot all your points
Into his heart.
Ber. Be confident.
Mar. Unleſſe
He be ſteel-proof, he ſhannot boaſt abroad
Much victory in *Venice.*

Enter Florelli, *and* Giovanni.

Gio. Signior *Thomazo* ſir, is there.
Flo. I thank you.
Gio. You pay too much ſir for no ſervice.
Tho. Here he is! (miſe.
We were wagering thou wouldſt not keepe thy pro-
Flo. I durſt not make that forfeit of your grace,
I moſt conſult my own, when I am carefull
To wait upon your honor.
Mal. You are noble.

Flo. Your humble ſervant gentlemen.
Tho. Where didſt ſupp?
Flo. I was not willing to engage my ſelf
Abroad, leſt I might treſpaſſe on your patience.
Tho. What ſhall's do this evening?
Mal. Walk a turn,
And then to a *bona roba.*
Ber. A match.
Tho. Giovanni!
Thy ſpade, and hold my cloak.
Mal. What's the device? (I cannot
Tho. I have 'great mind to dig now, do'ſt think
Handle a ſpade, i'le make a bed with my Gentlemen now
For a hundred Duccats.
Mal. 'Tis a baſe employment,
Fit for ſuch a drudge as *Giovanni.*
Gio. Sir! (hill breed?
Mal. A drudge? I ſaid, dee ſcorne your little dung-
Gio. This is not noble.
Mal. How mole-catcher?
Flo. Forbear he is not arm'd.
Mal. You were beſt be his champion.
Tho. Are you good at that?
I do not love to wear my doublet pink'd. *Exit.*
Gio. Three againſt one?
Mal. Hold.
Gio. I am no drudg you'l find
To be commanded ſir, you painted flies,
And onely fit for troutes.
Giovanni recovers a ſword, having firſt us'd his ſpade to ſide with the Engliſhman: Bernardo having loſt his weapon flies.
Flo. Let's give 'em play, and breath.
Mal. Loſt our advantage? is *Thomazo* fled?
Mar. And *Bernardo,* we were beſt retire, that Gardiner
Will ſtick me into ground, elſe for a plant. *Exit.*
Mal.

Mal. Expect wee'l be reveng'd. *Exit.*

Gio. Let's prevent 'm.

Flo. They are not worth it *Giovanni*, ſo
I heard you nam'd.

Gio. My name is *Giovanni*.

Flo. Thou haſt reliev'd, and ſav'd my life, I find
Their baſe conſpiracie, what ſhall I pay
Thy forward reſcue?

Gio. 'Tis but what I owe
To juſtice, with the expence of blood and life
To prevent treachery, reward I have
Receiv'd i'th act, if I have done you ſervice.
But 'twas your innocence that made ſuch haſt
To your own valour, not my ſword preſerv'd you.
I am young, and never taught to fight.

Flo. I prethee
Accept this trifle, buy a ſword, and wear it,
Thou haſt deſerv'd to thrive a nobler way
Then thy condition ſhewes.

Gio. Though ſome would call
This bounty, urge it not to my diſgrace,
I ſcorn to ſell the motion of my arme!
I fear you are not ſafe yet, there may be
Danger in following them, and it grows dark.
Have patience while I fetch a key, that ſhall
Befriend you with a private way. *Exit.*

Flo. Th'art noble.
Though I am careleſſe where the termes of honor
Engage my life, 'tis wiſdome not to loſe it
Upon their baſe revenge, but I muſt ſtudy
Some other payment for this young mans courage.
How ere his body ſuffer in a cloud,
His ſpirit's not obſcure, but brave, and active.

Enter Cornari *and* Brano's *arm'd.*

Cor. If my intelligence faile not, he muſt be
Hereſtill. This evening hath put on a Vizard

To

To conſpire with me, there he walkes, ſurprize him.

They ſeize upon him, bind his armes and feet, and blind him with a bagg.

Flo. Villaines, Cowards, Slaves, my ſword.

Bra. If you be lowd, wee'l ſtrangle you.

Cor. Diſpatch.

Bra. We ha done ſir, is he for the river now?

Cor. No, follow me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Giovanni.

Gio. Theſe ſhew like officers,
Alas hee's apprehended on their baſe
Complaint, I cannot help; thy cauſe and innocence
Muſt now befriend thee! baſe world! yet I may
Injure, the parts abroad; 'tis onely *Venice*
Is ſick with theſe diſtempers, then, i'le leave it,
And inſtantly purſue ſome other fate
I'th warrs, it may cure ſomething too within me,
That is deny'd all remedy at home,
Some bodies for their Phyſick, are deſign'd
To change of aire, i'le try't upon my mind. *Ex.*

Act. 3.

Enter Malipiero *and* Thomazo.

Tho.

NOt this Engliſhman to be found?

Mal. Hee's not above ground
Where I could ſuſpect him in the City——.

Tho. Let him goe, may be his haſt topled him
Into the river, and we may eat his noſe
In the next haddock.

Mal. Wherefore did you fly?

Tho.

Tho. Do'ſt think 'twas fear?
Mal. 'Twas ſomething like a will,
To keep your skin from oilet-holes.
Tho. I grant you,
What had I to do to bring up a faſhion?
Mal. We might ha' gone a ſure and nearer way
To ha' kill'd him in a right line with a bullet,
But let him goe, ſo he quit *Venice* any way.
Tho. Hee would ſpoile our mirth, but I much wonder
Bernardo is not come yet, whom I ſent
Embaſſador for money to the Merchants.
Mal. Nor *Marcello*, whom I employ'd to the ſame end,
To my moſt Coſtive Uncle for ſome goldfinches.
Tho. Why ſhould the ſtate have an Exchequer, and
We want?
Mal. For pious uſes too, to drink their health;
And ſee the Common-wealth go round
In mutuall commerce of mirth and ſpirit,
Which phlegme and uſury hath almoſt ſtifled,
Sobriety and long gownes ſpoile the City.
'Tis we would keep the body politick
From ſtinking, ulcer'd with long obligations,
And notaries, which now ſtuffe the *Rialto*,
And poyſon honeſt natures, that would elſe
Live freely, and be drunk at their own charge.
Tho. I would make new lawes, and I were Duke of *Venice*.
Mal. We would not ſit i'th chimney corner then,
And ſing like Crickets.
Tho. We would roare like Trumpets,
And deaf the Senators with, give us your monies---
Mal. Their's? give us our own, their ſtates, their wives,
And wardrobes *Scanderbeg*.

Tho. And their pretty daughters,
My valiant Turk, who ſhould feed high o' purpoſe---
Mal. To keep the wanton blood in titillations.
Tho. It ſhould be a Law, no maid ſhould be in faſhion.
Mal. Yes let 'em be in faſhion, but not hold.
Tho. Not after fourteen be it then enacted.
Mal. Wee would baniſh all the Advocates that refus'd
To pimp, and prove it Civill Law. (Dominions
Tho. No ſcribe ſhould dare to ſhew his ears in our
Mal. Hang 'em, they are labells of the Law, and ſtinke,
Worſe then a fiſh-ſhambles in lent. No Iew
Should turn a Chriſtian upon perill of
A Confiſcation.
Tho. Why?
Mal. The ſlaves are rich, (ſcience,
To turn 'em Chriſtians were to ſpoile their Con-
And make 'em hide their mony, 'tis leſſe evill
In ſtate to cheriſh Jewes, then Chriſtian Uſurers.
Tho. I will have every Citizen a Jew then.
Mal. We have built no Seraglio yet.
Tho. That's true,
What think you of the Univerſities?
Would not they ſerve?
Mal. O excellent,
They have ſeverall ſchooles for ſeverall games.
Tho. And ſcaffolds
For the ſpectators when we keep our acts.
Mal. The Colledge rents would find the wenches petticoates,
And the revenues of a ſcore of Abbies
Wel ſtript, would ſerve to rowl 'em in clean linnen,
And keep the toyes in diet.
Tho. excellent!

But

But when we have converted to theſe
The Monaſteries, where ſhall we beſtow
The Fryers, and the thin religious men?
Mal. You may
Keep them with little charge, water is all
The bleſſing their poor thirſt requires, and taylors
Wo'not be troubled for new clothes, a hair ſhirt
Will outwear a Copy-hold, and warm 4 lives,
Or if you think 'em troubleſome, it is
A fair pretence to ſend 'em to ſome wild
Country to plant the faith, and teach the infidells
A way to Heaven, for which they may be burn't
Or hang'd, and there's an end o'th honeſt men.
There be a thouſand waies to quiet them.
Tho. My admirable Counſellor, thou ſhouldſt be
My ſupreme officer to ſee Juſtice done.
Mal. You cannot honour men of worth too much.
Tho. Wee'l ha the bridges all pull'd down, and made
Of ſilver.
Mal. Droſſe! Gold is our orient metall.

Enter Bernardo.

Here is *Bernardo*, welcome, where's the mony?
Ber. Not a gazet: the merchants are all ſullen,
And ſay you owe too much already.
Mal. Theſe are Dogbolts.
'Tis time we had new lawes and they wo'not truſt.
Tho. But we muſt build
No golden bridges at this rate with ſun-beames.
Mal. They were beſt content themſelves with honeſt ſtone,
Hard as the heart of your ungodly Merchants.
Tho. Prethee let's leave our dream of frighting Sailors,
And ſay, what hope haſt thou of getting money

For this daies mirth? (faith

Mal. Some hope there is, if my Uncle have but
Enough, to credit what I never mean,
Thrift and submission, and holy matters;
'Tis all the waies are left to cozen him
And creep into his nature, I have pawn'd
All my religion that i'le turne Fryer.

Tho. Hast pawn'd thy religion, much good do him,
Let him take the forfeit, so he send thee money——

Mal. For present use, and howl, and hang himself.
I care not-- oh—here's *Marcello.*

Enter Marcello.

Did'st speak with him?

Mar. Yes.

Mal. That's well. (it this--

Mar. He doe's commend him to you, and with

Mal. I knew t'would take, his tender conscience

Tho. Hast thou prevail'd?

Mar. This halter---he ha's tyed the knot himself;
And saies next the Philosophers stone, hee knowes
not
What thing of nobler value to present you:
And rather then you should delay for want
Of a convenient---you know what, you should
Once more peruse his Orchard, there's one tree
He would have bear no other fruit.

Mal. I thank him.
For his fine noose, would I had his neck in't,
The Devill should not conjure him from this circle.
Is this the end of all?

Tho. No, not of all.

Mal. I prethee e try how it will hold---d'ee hear
Let's lay our heads together. Which of you
Is best acquainted with the Turk?

Tho. What Turk.

Mal.

Mal. The great and mighty Sultan, the grand Signior.
Or have you but a Chriſtian correſpondence
With any of his heathen officers.
Tho. What to doe?
Mal. No rogue that lies purdue here for intelligence?
Ber. What then?
Mal. I would make a bargaine with him now, and ſell
This City to the Pagan inſtantly.
Venice is a Jewell, a rich pendant;
Would hang rarely at the great Turkes eare.
Tho. No doubt.
Mal. Or at one horne of his half Moon.
Mar. I think ſo.
Mal. I would betray if I knew how, the ſtate
Or any thing for half a hundred Duccats
To make one merry night, though after I
Were broke upon a wheel, or ſet upright
To peep through a cleft tree like a pole-cat
In the high way--no money from the Mungrells?
Well if I live. I will to *Amſterdam*,
And adde another ſchiſme to the two hundred
Fourſcore and odd;
I am reſolv'd.
Tho. What?
Mal. To cry down all things
That hang on wit, truth, or religion.
Tho. Come, thou art paſſionate, is there no trick?
No lewd device? let me ſee?---I have thought
Away to raiſe us my dear *Tully*, a project
Shall raiſe us, or i'le venture——
Mal. What?
Tho. My neck
For hanging is the end of my device,
Unleſſe I thrive in't: go to the randevouz,

To *Roſabella*'s O' the grand Cavale,
Kiſs her and call for wines, my bullyrooker,
A diſh of dainty fidlers to curvet too,
And drink a health that I may proſper, tumble
And ſhake the houſe, I'le fetch you off.

Mal. But ſignior——

Tho. No more words, cannot you be gone, be drunk,
And leave me to the reckoning, i'le return
With Indian ſpoiles like *Alexander*. *Exit.*

Mal. Spoken
Like a true Macedonian, we are gone.
He's right, and may in time, and our good breeding
Be brought to ſomething, may deſerve the Gallies.
Follow your leaders Mirmidons.

Both. We attend. *Exeunt.*

Enter Giovanni *and* Georgio.

Ge. But will you venture Signior *Giovanni*
Your body to the warrs indeed?

Gio. I mean ſo.

Ge. And leave me to be loſt, or thrown away
Among the weeds here!

Gio. Try thy fortune wo'me.

Ge. Yes, and come hopping home upon one legg.
Will all my pay then buy a handſome halter
To hang my arm in, if it be but maim'd,
Yet I endure a battail every day,
My miſtris hath a mouth carries whole Cannon;
And if you took that engine to the warrs,
You would find it do rare ſervice.

Gio. What?

Ge. Her tongue;
Make her but angry, and you'l need no more
Artillery to ſcoure them with a breach.
What ſpoile her breath would make in a market place?

Gio.

Gio. Be leſſe ſatyricall;
I muſt not hear this, ſhe is my mother.
Geo. She is my miſtris, and thats worſe, but I'me reſolv'd,
I'le to the warrs w'e, do not tell her on't,
My prentiſhip is worſe then killing there.
My hand, i'le w'ee.
Gio. In the mean time buy yee a ſword, and belt,
And what is fit. { *Gives him money.*
Ge. No more, i'le be a ſouldier;
And kill according to my pay, this will
Suffice to vamp my body, I may riſe
If I grow rich in valour, that will do't,
Mony and a tilting feather make a Captain. *Exit.*
Gio. There is no other way to quiet the
Affli&tions here, beſide 'tis honorable,
And warre a glorious miſtris.

Enter Bellaura, *and* Roberto.

'Tis *Bellaura* and my Father.
Bel. I know Madam you may break his reſolution,
If you be pleas'd, you may command; hee's here.
Bel. I'le try my skill.
Ro. Bleſſings attend your Ladiſhip.
I'le waite for the ſucceſſe. *Exit.*
Bel. How now *Giovanni*,
What with a ſword, you were not us'd to appeare
Thus arm'd, your weapon is a ſpade I take it.
Gio. It did become my late profeſſion Madam;
But I am chang'd.
Bel. Not to a ſouldier.
Gio. It is a title Madam will much grace me,
And with the beſt collection of my thoughts
I have ambition to the warrs.
Be. You have?
Gio. Oh 'tis a brave profeſſion, and rewards

All losse wee meet with double weight in glory,
A calling Princes stil are proud to own,
And some do willingly forget their crownes
To be commanded, 'tis the spring of all
We here entitle fame to, Emperors
And all degrees of honors, owing all
Their names to this imployment, in her vast
And circular embraces holding Kings,
And making them; and yet so kind as not
To exclude such private things as I, who may
Learn and commence in her great arts. My life
Hath been too useless to my self and Country,
'Tis time I should imploy it to deserve
A name within their Registry, that bring
The wealth, the harvest home of well bought honor.

Bel. It is an active time I must confesse,
And the unhappy scene of war too nere us
But that it should enflame you on the suddain
To leave a calm, and secure life, is more
Then commonly it workes on men of your
Birth, and condition, besides I hear
Your Father is not willing you should leave him,
To engage your self in such apparent danger.
Here you will forfeit your obedience
Unlesse you stay.

Gio. I cannot despair Madam
Of his consent, and if by my own strength
Of reason I incline him not, it was
In my ambition to addresse my humble
Suite to your Ladiship to gain it for me,
At worst it is no breach of duty Madam,
If I preferre my Country and her cause
Now bleeding, before any formall ties
Of nature to a soft indulgent father.
For danger, let pale soules consider it,
It is beneath my fears.

Bel.

Bel. Yet I can ſee
Th rough all this reſolution *iovanni*?
'Tis ſomthing elſe hath wrought this violent chang,
Pray let me be of counſel with your thoughts,
And know the ſerious motive, come be clear,
I am no enemy, and can aſſiſt
Where I allow the cauſe.
Gio. You may be angry
Madam, and chide it as a ſawcy pride
In me to name, or look at honor, nor
Can I but know what ſmall addition
Is my unskilfull arme to aide a Country.
Bel. I may therefore juſtly ſuſpect, there is
Something of other force that moves you to
The warrs, enlarge my knowledge with the ſecret.
Gio. At this command I open my heart, Madam,
I muſt confeſſe there is another cauſe
Which I dare not in obedience
Obſcure, ſince you will call it forth, and yet
I know you will laugh at me.
Bel. It would ill
Become my breeding *Giovanni.*
Gio. Then,
Know Madam, I'me in love.
Bel. In love with whom?
Gio. With one I dare not name, ſhee's ſo much
Above my birth and fortunes.
Bel. I commend
Your flight, but does ſhe know it?
Gio. I durſt never
Appear with ſo much boldneſſe to diſcover
My hearts ſo great ambition, 'tis here ſtill,
A ſtrange and buſie gueſt.
Bel. And you think abſence
May cure this wound,
Gio. Or death.

Bel. I may presume,
You think shee's fair.

Gio. I dare as soon question your beauty Madam,
The onely ornament, and starre of *Venice*,
Pardon the bold comparison, yet there is
Something in you resembles my great mistris
She blushes———
Such very beames dispearseth her bright eye
Powerfull to restore decrepit nature,
But when she frownes, and changes from her sweet
Aspect (as in my fears I see you now
Offended at my boldnesse) she does blast
Poor *Giovanni* thus, and thus I wither
At heart, and wish my self a thing lost in
My own forgotten dust, but it's not possible
At last (if any starres blesse but high thoughts)
By some desert in war, and deeds of honor.)
(For mean as I, have rais'd themselves to Empire)
That she without a blush to stain her cheek
May own me for a servant---I am lost
In wandring apprehensions.

Bel. Poor *Giovanni*,
I pitty thee, but cannot cure---I like
Thy aspiring thoughts, and to this last of love,
Allow the warrs a noble remedy.

Enter Roberto *and* Ursula.

I have argu'd against your sonns resolve, but find
His reasons overcome my weak dispute.
And I must counsell you to allow 'em too.

Urs. Nay, I was never much against it Madam.

Ro. She loves him not, but does your Ladiship
Think fitting, he should go?

Bel. Yes, yes 'tis honorable;
And to encourage his forward spirit,
The Generall is my kinsman *Giovanni*,

What

What favours he can do you, you ſhall have
My letters to entreat, and at my charge
You ſhall be furniſh'd like a Gentleman,
Attend me at my lodgings.
Gio. You bind all
My ſervices; why this will make a ſhew yet.
Ro. Nay, then take my conſent and bleſſing too.
Urſ. And mine: the Duke. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke and Marino.

Du. Bellaura, I muſt ſpeak to you.
Bel. I attend.
Du. You have my purpoſe, and return me clearly
How he beſtowes himſelf, and what ſociety
Withdrawes him from his duty thus.
Mar. I ſhall
With my beſt care.
Du. I fear that *Malipiero*, [*with* Bellaura]
But let me find your diligence: *Bellaura.* *Exit.*

The Scene adorn'd with Pictures amongſt the reſt Claudiana's.

Enter Bravos *with the Engliſhman, they unbind him and Exeunt.*

Flo. I am all wonder: ſhall I truſt my ſences.
A fair and pleaſant gallery; was I
Surpriz'd for this? or doe I dream, I did
Expect the end of my conveyance ſhould
Have been more fatal,
No tract appears, or ſigne of thoſe that brought me,
The place is rich in ornament, ſure theſe
Are Pictures, all things ſilent as the Images,
And yet theſe ſpeak, ſome do inhabit here,
This room was not ordain'd onely for air
And ſhadowes, 'tis ſome flattering Prologue to
My death, ſome plot to ſecond the affront

Of *Malipiero* with more ſcorne to ruine me.

Enter Cornari *with a caſe of Piſtolls.*

What art?

Cor. A friend.

Flo. That poſture and preſentment
Promiſe no great aſſurance, yet there's ſomething
Within that noble frame would tempt me to
Believe thou art.

Cor. What?

Flo. A black murderer.
Point not thy horrid meſſengers of death
Upon a man diſarm'd, my boſome is
No proof againſt thoſe fiery Executioners.
How came I to deſerve from thee unknown
So black a purpoſe, as thy lookes preſent me?
I never ſaw thy face, nor am I conſcious
Of any act, in whoſe revenge, thou haſt
Put on this horror, let me know my guilt
Before I die, although I never liv'd
At that poor rate to fear a noble death;
Yet unprepar'd, and thus to die, doth ſomething
Stagger my ſoul, and weaken my reſolve
To meet thy Execution, thou haſt
Too good a face to be a Mercenary
Cut-throat, and *Malipiero* would become
The hangmans office better.

Cor. You believe then,
How eaſily I can command your deſtine,
I have no plot with any *Malipiero*,
And thus remove thy fears

He carries in the Piſtolls and returnes.

Flo. Is he gone?

Cor. Y'are ſtill within
My power, but call your ſelfe my gueſt, not priſoner,
Aud if you be not dangerous to your ſelf

Nothing

Nothing is meant but ſafety here and honor.
Flo. This does amaze me more; but do Italians
Compell mento receive their courteſies?
Cor. I muſt not give you reaſons; yet for your
Surprize, you may receive a timely knowledge
And not repent. I am a Gentleman,
And by that name ſecure thee, if you can
Fancie a peace with this reſtraint, 'tis none
But ſomething that may pleaſe you above freedom,
If your unruly thoughts tempt a reſiſtance,
Death is let in, at every thing you look at.
Flo. I'le leave my wonder and believe, what now
Muſt I obey?
Cor. Firſt walk away your fright.
Flo. 'Tis off.
Cor. How do you like this gallery?
Flo. 'Tis very handſome.
Cor. And theſe pictures.
Flo. Wel.
Cor. Your eyes are yet too careleſſe, pray examine 'em.
Flo. They cannot anſwer.
Cor. Now your opinion.
Flo. Very good faces.
Cor. Have your eyes ever
Met with a ſubſtance that might reflect
On any of theſe ſhadowes ſir in *Venice*?
Flo. Never.
Cor. Look a little better, is there nothing
Of more then common curioſity,
In any of theſe beauties.
Flo. I have ſeen
Fair ones, what ſhould this mean?
Cor. But pray tel me,
Of theſe (which ſome have prais'd for handſomneſs)
Which doth affect you moſt? I gueſſe you have
By frequent view, and the converſe with Ladies

Ariv'd at excellent judgement:
Flo. I did not
Expect this Dialogue, yet i'le be free,
I profess stranger to 'em all, but this [*pointing to* Claudiana]
I should elect the fairest and most worthy
A masculine Embrace, I build upon
The promise of your Honour, I should else
Be nice in my opinion.
Cor. You are just,
And I prefer that too, what will you say
To call that Lady Mistris, and enjoy her?
Shee's noble to my knowledge, but enough
At this time. I must pray your kind excuse
If (whilst) you walk into this room { *Opening the hanging.*
Flo. A fair one.
Cor. Which is design'd your lodging, I become
Your jailour, and make sure this Gallery
Til my return; be constant to your temper,
There shall be nothing wanting to procure
You safe, and pleasant hours.
Flo. Distruft falles off.
I will expect to find you noble, though
My faith bind not to all, and enter. *Exit.*
Cor. So.
I tread a maze too, but must not resign
My office, till I perfect my design *Exit.*

Enter Malipiero *with* Rosabella *dancing*, [*Dance*] Bernardo, Marcello.

Ber. Active *Malipiero*.
Mar. Excellent
They move as they had nothing else but soul.
Mal. So, drink, we are not merry, here's a health
To my hen sparrow.
Mar. Let it walk round.
Ber. What *Rosabella*'s health? before the states---

Mal.

Mal. Hang States, and Commonwealths we will
be Emperors;
And laugh, and drink away whole Provinces.
Shall we not dydapper?
Ro. What you pleaſe, but will Signior
Thomazo be here preſently, and bring ———
Mal. The golden Fleece, thou Lady *Guinever*,
And he ſhall mount thy little modeſty,
And ride like *Agamemnon*, and ſhall pay for't,
While we, like valiant Greekes in luſty wine,
Drench the remembrance that we are mortall,
More wine, my everlaſting *Marmoſet*.
Ber. Brave *Malipiero* ſtill! our grand Signiors
health, [*Drinkes*]
Signior *Thomazo*.
Mal. Let it come ſquirrells,
And then a ſong my pretty *Roſabella*,
Which of the Senators were here laſt night
To court thee with a draught of diſſolv'd pearle?
Be ſupple to thy friends, and let thy men
Of ſtate, who hide their warp't leggs in long gowns,
And keep their wiſdom warm in furrs like agues,
Moſt grave and ſerious follies, wait, and want
The knowledge of thy fidle, my dear *Donſabel*.
Ro. What hath advanc'd your brain thus *Malipiero*?
You were not wont to talk at ſuch a height,
There is ſome mighty fortune drpoping, is
Your Uncle ſick, whoſe heir you hope to be?
Mal. Hang Uncles, there's a damp in's very name.
Wine, or I ſink, ——— ſo now thy ſong, come ſit.

Roſabella ſings.

Enter Thomazo *with* Marino.

Tho. Nay you ſhall enter, Gentlemen, my friend,
Salute him, *Malipiero*, he is one

May

May do us ſervice.

Mar. ſir! i'le take my leave.

Tho. That were a jeſt, you ſhall ſtay by this hand,
Who ha's the wine, drink to my noble friend,
Whilſt I embrace my Queen of *Carthage*.

Ro. Welcome.

Mal. I have ſeen this Gentleman wait nere your (Father.

Tho. Right in his bedchamber, a ſober Coxcombe,
We met by chance, let's make him drunk, I have
The brave devices here boy.

Mal. Good: y'are welcome,
Fill me a tun of wine.

Mari. How Signior!

Mal. It is too too little for a friend.

Mari. They'l drown me, here's a pretious knot

Tho. I hugge thee *Cleopatra*, Gentlemen,
Am not I behind half a ſcore glaſſes, fil, { *He takes the bottle.*
Come charge me home, i'le take it here

Mari. What will become of me? they mean to drench
Me for the ſullens, I am like to have
A very fine time, and employment here.

Tho. But ha' you nere a banquet?

Roſ. 'Tis preparing.

Tho Let it be as rich as the Egyptian Queen
Made for *Mark Anthony*; in the mean time
What limb of wantonneſſe have you ready for
My noble friend here, get him a fine fleſh ſaddle,
Or where's thy mother, now I think upon't,
He loves to ride upon a pad.

Mari. Not I ſir.

Mal. Oh by all meanes Signior.
He ſhall go to the price of any Ladyware.

Mar. Who I? alas my tilting daies are done, nay,
nay, then
I'le drink w'ee gentlemen, but I cannottumble

Tho.

Tho. Why then here's to thee.
Mari. No Lady ware for me ſweet Miſtris,
I bluſh to ſay I cannot mount at this time.
Would I were off agen, polecats for me?
Tho. Now gentlemen wipe your eyes { *Shewes a Cabinet.*
Mari. A Cabinet of rich Jewels.
Tho. And how, and how ſhew things?
Is't fit we want to revell, while my father
Ha's theſe toyes idle, we grope in the dark
And loſe our way, while ſuch bright ſtarres as theſe
May light us to a wench?
Mari. There is no conſcience in't.
But what ſhall we do with 'em? there's a luſtre
Hath ſtruck me into a flame.
Mal. Drink half, and tumble out the reſt
In featherbeds.
Tho. Where's *Roſabella*, to lend money?
Mari. Stay, ſir,
She never can diſburſe to half their valew,
Beſide I know their ſlie and coſtive natures.
I am acquainted with a Jew, are we
All faithfull? are there no traitors here?
I am acquainted with a Jew ſhal furniſh you
To purpoſe, & tranſport theſe, where they ſhannot
Betray from whence they came: truſt her? 'tis dangerous,
Beſides the ſcanting of your mirth, by a
Penurious Son, give me the Cabinet——
Y'are ſure all theſe are friends, & will ſay nothing?
Tho. I wa rant thee; what luck had I to meet him.
Mal. Will you truſt him?
Tho. Hee's one of us, make haſt, a mighty ſumme.
Mari. I'le bring a ſtorme of Duccats inſtantly.
Exit.
Tho. So, ſo to'th wine agen.
Mal. You need not ſpend the total here, I have uſe

For forty of thoſe Duccats.

Tho. S'hat have fifty.

Mal. Theſe gentlemen are out of figleaves too.
Some freſher robes would ſhew well.

Tho. They ſhall have
New skins my Holofernes.

Mal. I'le have half.

B. M. A match.

Mal. Wine, to our Generaliſſimo.

Tho. That's I, I underſtand the Metaphor.
It ſhall have law, oh for ſome trumpets now.

Mal. Tantarra rara boyes, outrore the winds
And drink the ſun into Eclipſe, hang miching,
But where's my wänton Pinnace?

Ber. Boorded by.
Some man of war by this time.

Mar. She is ſpoon'd away.

Mal. My top and top gallant gone? ha! are there Pirates
Upon theſe Goaſts; give fire upon the water-rats,
And ſhoot pell mell, fight as a whirlewind flinges,
Diſordering all, what man of Menaces
Dare look awry upon my Cattamountaine?

Tho. Not I: now hee's got rampant, heel kill ſome body.

Ber. You muſt not be affrighted, to'ther lift
And be a Giant eke, and talk of terrors
With words *Olympus* high.

Tho. Will that do't?

Ber. Oh ſir.

Tho. Give me the bottle then?

Mal. Suppoſe thou wert my Uncle now, come hither,
Hold thy head fair, that I may whip it off.

Mar. Mine's nothing like, *Bernardo* has been taken

For

For your Uncle Signior.
Mal. How dare you be like
The rogue my Uncle ſirra?
Ber. I ſir? 'tis
Signior *Thomazo* that he means, and ſee
For very fear his head fales off
Mal. Reach it me,
I'le drink a health, then in his skull.
Tho. Who talkes of me, who dares mention
A thought of me? where be the dainty duccats?

Thomazo was drinking and here ſets down the bottle.

Enter Marino.

Mari. The moneie's coming ſir, ſix men are laden,
And will be here immediately.
Mal. Thou ſhalt drink
A health, kneel venerable ſir.
Tho. Be humble,
Thou man of *Mallgo*, or thou dyeſt
Mari. I do ſir. [*Kneeles*]
Mal. To the Town, a fire.
Mar. What dee mean Signior.
Tho. He has a very good meaning, never doubt it.
Mal. That you ſhall pledge, or forfeit your ſconce to me,
None ſhall have the honor to pledge this health,
But this whay bearded Signior.
Tho. Now do my braines tumble, tumble, tumble—
Mal. give it him,
And drink it with devotion as I did.
Tho. I long to ſee theſe double, double----hickets
But where's the Cockatrice, this whirligigge?
Is my head faſt?
Mar. The ſcrue is firm, ſuſpect not.
Mari. I dare not pray nor ask forgiveneſſe here.
Tho. Do not my braines now turn upon the toe.

Mal. Do you hear my doughty Signior *Thomazo*, Wo'not you kil the Duke, your graceless father now?

Tho. Yes marry will I.

Mal. You shal let him into the Chamber one night, Where he shall strangle him.

Tho. O, I can play upon his wind-pipe rarely.

Mal. Wee'l set (d'ee mark) some corner of the Palace

A fire, at the same time, and in that hurry
Break into the Treasury, take what we think fit,
And steal away by Sea into another Country.

Mari. Most admirably contriv'd; the men are come.

Enter Officers.

Tho. Hey, the money boyes?

Mari. Disarme the traitors.

Mal. Plots, ambuscadoes, are these your Jew tricks.

Mari. I'l wait til you have slept away your surfeit, Here in the house.

Tho. Which is the Jew of all these?

Mal. We are cheated by a Court-nap.

Tho. My friend, are you the Jew? where be the Jewells.

Mari. Truth is, I have sent the Jewels to your Father,
And he will lend no money.

Tho. No money?

Mal. But must we go to prison?

Tho. I'le to prison with e'm spight o' your teeth.

Mari. Not, till you have slept, this way.

Exit, with Tho.

Enter Rosabella.

Ro. The Banquet's ready gentlemen.

Mal. A rescue.
We are snatch'd up for traitors, we are betraid,
And going to prison.

Ro. Who pales for the wine and banquet? *Mal.*

Mal. Why any living body, that has a ſcruple
In's Conſcience, for the loſſe of thy dear Comfits,
And Carrawaies, away, lead me ye rogues.
'le not march elſe, and let us make a ſhew,
My fine officious raſcalls, on afore,
I follow in fit ſtate, ſo farewell firelock.
Roſ. I ſhall be undone.
Mal. Undoing is thy trade,
March on I ſay. *Exeunt.*

Act. 4.

Enter Cornari, *after him* Claudiana.

Clau. YOur pleaſure ſir; you did command my preſence.
Cor. Are you come? you and I muſt not be
Interrupted *Claudiana.*
Claud. Why do you ſhut your Chamber?
Cor. Wee muſt be private.
How does my life?
Clau. Well ſir, if you be ſo.
Cor. I have a ſute to thee, my beſt *Caudiana.*
Clau. To me? it muſt be granted.
Cor. That's well ſaid,
But 'tis a buſineſſe (ſweet) of mighty conſequence,
More pretious then my life.
Cla. Goodneſſe forbid
I ſhould not give obedience to the leaſt
Of your commands, but when your life requires
My ſervice, I ſhould chide my heart, and thoughts
Unleſſe they put on wings to ſhew their duty.
Cor. Nay, 'tis a buſineſſe ſweet will ſpeak thy love.

Cor. Thou knoweſt how many years ſince the Prieſt tyed
Our holy knot, with what religious flowing
Of chaſt and noble love our hearts have met,
How many bleſſings have I ſumm'd in thee,
And but in thee, for unto this, Heaven gave not
(That which indeed doth Crown all Marriage,)
Children, thou haſt been fruitfull *Claudiana*
In all that's good, but onely fruitfulneſſe;
And when I think who in my want of that
Great bleſſing of thy womb, muſt be my heir,
A baſe and impious villain, to poſſeſſe
And riot in my ſpacious fortunes, I
Forget that other happineſſe in thy perſon,
And let in a vexation to conſume me.

Cla. I know not what to fear, it is heavens will
And not my fault.

Cor. Oh no, the fault is mine,
All mine *Claudiana*, for thou art not barren
'Tis I, a man prodigious and mulcted
By nature, without faculty of man
To make our marriage happy, and preſerve
This fair; this lovely figure, be at peace
And let me bluſh, a thing not worth the love
Of ſuch a bounteous ſweetneſſe.

Cla. Let me fall [*Kneeles*]
Beneath that which ſuſtaines me, ere I take
In a belief, that will deſtroy my peace,
Not in the apprehenſion of what
You frame to accuſe your ſelf, but in fear
My honour is betraid to your ſuſpition;
Oh kill me ſir, before I loſe your thought,
Your noble thought.

Cor. Riſe, with thy tears I kiſſe
Away thy tremblings; I ſuſpect thy honor?
My heart will want faith to believe an Angel,

That

That ſhould traduce thy fair name, thou art chaſt
As the white down of heaven, whoſe feathers play
Upon the wings of a cold winters gale,
Trembling with fear to touch the impurer earth.
How are the roſes frighted in thy cheekes
To paleneſſe, weeping out of tranſparent dew
When a looſe ſtory is but nam'd? thou art
The miracle of a chaſt wife, from which fair
Originall, drawn out by heavens own hand,
To have had one Copie, I had write perfection
To all my wiſhes here, but 'tis denyed me,
Nor do I mock thee with a fable, while
I miſerably complain, convinc'd, and loſt
In my own Maſculine defect; but yet
I love thee *Claudiana*, doſt not think ſo?
And after ſo much injury, I bring
Not my repentance onely, but a juſt
And noble ſatisfaction.

Cla. You oppreſſe
My ſences with the weight of new amazement.

Cor. I muſt be clear, thou muſt embrace another--
Another in my bed, whom from the world
I have made choice to know thee, be not frighted
This way is left, and this alone to recompence
My want, and make both happy.

Cla. I embrace
Another in your bed?

Cor. Doſt think I would
Attempt, or wiſh thee to't, without a care
In every circumſtance to both our fames?

Cla. Fame? are you maſter of your reaſon? dare you
Provoke heaven thus?

Cor. Heaven onely ſhall be witneſſe,
Whoſe ſecreſie i'le truſt, but not anothers.
Beſide the principall agent, to get heaven.

Cla. Y'are no Italian ſure.

Cor. Yes, and thy husband,
A juſt one to thy memory, that would
Cancell his faith, rather then be a ſtrict
Idolater of words, and ſevere lawes,
To the deſtroying of ſo ſweet a figure;
I would not have thee flye like birds i'th aire,
Or ſhippes that leave no tract, to ſay here was,
So rich a bleſſing, rather like a plant
Should root, and grow, and bloom, & bear for ever.
Cla. I'me loſt for ever.
Cor. Be wiſe and meet my wiſhes, 'tis my love
That hath 'orecome all nice conſiderings
To do thee juſtice. Nor will I intrude
Upon thy boſome one ſhall be unwelcome,
Hee's honorably born, of comely perſon,
But has a ſoule addes glory to 'em both,
A boy from him, born to my name and fortunes
Leaves not another wealth to my ambition.
To raiſe thy free conſent my *Claudiana*,
'Tis he, Whom thou doſt think worth thy owne praiſe,
The gentleman victorious for his parts,
So late in *Venice*, the Engliſh Cavalier.
Cla. I am undone.
Cor. To be ſhort,
I have ſurpriz'd his perſon for this uſe,
He hath been many daies an obſcure gueſt
Within the lodgings next the Garden, for
I muſt confeſſe I have had ſtruglings in
My nature, and have ſate in Councell 'gainſt
My ſelfe ſometime, touching this great affair,
But I have anſwer'd every thing oppos'd it,
And took this time to acquaint thee.
Cla. Good ſir kill me.
Cor. I will,
And him too, if ye mingle not and make

The

The project as I cast it, be not obstinate,
Why, he shall nere discover who thou art,
If thou be faithfull to thy self, thou maist
Pretend thy self some pleasant *bona roba.*
Or take what name, and shape thou wilt.
Cla. There's none
Can hide my shame, or wash the stain away:
Cor. What shame or stain is in't when it is kept
A secret darker then the book of destinie
From mankind?
Cla. Am I practis'd in those arts?
Of sin that he should take me for a Curtesan?
Nay, rather let me be known your wife,
It will oblige him more to use me well; (him.
And thank your loving paines that brought me to
If I must be a whore, and you a———
Cor. Stay, and I a—what? I bleed within me.
Cla. This key will make the Chamber free, I follow.
Consider sir, I'me else undone for ever *Ex.*
Cor. Why if he know me for her husband, 'tis
Without a name, I can secure my honor,
And send him quickly to eternall silence.
I'me resolv'd they must obey, proceed,
A little blood will wash away this deed. *Ex.*

Enter Duke, Senators, Attendants, Letters upon a Table.

Duke Our City drooping with the wounds so late
Receiv'd, is now to study with what joyes
To entertain so great a victory.
Trevisо is return'd to our obedience,
Almost without a losse, how many fell
On the adverse part, those papers signifie,
And must enlarge our tryumph: but is't not
Strange what our generall writes of *Giovanni*,

Whose spirit he admires, and forward valour,
Referring to his bold attempt, our Conqueſt,
That he advanc'd his head and ſword firſt on
The enemies walls, which inflam'd our army
To ſecond him with courage, and that after
With his own hands he ſlew their generall,
Whoſe fall ſhot death and trembling through their Army.

Can. Where is *Giovanni*?

Du. He is by direction of our generall
Now marching hither, to his onely conduct.
The Captives are remitted, and his act
By us to be conſidered, but we have
Sent order for the placing of his Priſoners
Securely, and commanded he ſhould here
Attend our pleaſure

Can. The young Gardiner?

Du. The ſame, whoſe early valour takes away
The prejudice of humble birth, and ought
To be encourag'd nobly.

Can. 'Tis but juſtice.

Enter Marino.

Is't poſſible the Gardiners Son ſhould ſo
Behave himſelf in war,
He will deſerve ſome honor for't.

Du. Why may not
Our power diſpence, and though his low condition
By our rule exempt him (for his gallant ſervice
Done) now create him gentleman of *Venice*,
With a noble penſion from our treaſury
To bear his title up?

Can. We give it ſtrangers,
Whoſe birth we not examine,
He deſerves it.

Du. Let him receive no favour

For

For his relation to me, but take
His place and punishment with the rest, away
I cast him from my thought. *Exit Marino.*
Can. Why comes not
Our Generall himself?
Du. Reasons of war
May yet compell his stay, hee's to repair
Some breaches which our Souldiers made, & wisely
By some new fortification, secure
The Town if the Enemy should reinforce.
Att. Signior *Giovanni* waites.
Enter Mar.
Du. Hath he dispos'd
By our direction those prisoners were
Sent by our Generall?
Atten. He hath and please your excellencie.
Du. Admit him.

Enter Giovanni *plum'd and brave*
Georgio *his servant*

Gio. All health and honor to the Duke and Senate.
Du. We thank thee *Giovanni*, and will spare
Your trouble to relate what we have gain'd
I'th war; Our General writes how much our *Venice*
Doth owe to you, whose maiden yet bold valour,
Hath wrought our safety, and suppreſt the late
Insolent *Genoveſe*.
Gio. Your bounty makes
That mine, which I want merit sir to challenge,
But if my will to serve my Country (for
Beside that name and warm desires, I dare (cherish
Call nothing mine) y'are pleas'd to accept and
A young mans duty, you will teach me in
The next employment to deserve indeed.
Till when, you lose not, to have built upon
This humble pile, a monument of your goodnesse,

To tell the world, although misplac'd on me,
You love a growing vertue.
Dn. This *Giovanni*?
His words taſt more of courtier then the Garden.
To ſhew we underſtand, and to that knowledge
Have will to recompence the deſert, *Giovanni*
The Senate bidds you ask, what in your power
Your thought can aim at, to reward your ſervice,
And you ſhall ſoon poſſeſſe it.
Geo. Ask, ask quickly,
A hundred thouſand double double duccats.
'Twil ſerve us both, do't, beggars muſt be impudent.
Gio. Now you deſtroy what elſe might live to ſerve you,
This grace will make me nothing, when I call
My airy worth to ballance, keep thoſe glorious
Rewards for men borne, and brought up in honor?
That may be great and able Columnes to
Your ever envyed ſtate; alas I riſe
Like a thin reede beneath this Common-wealth,
Whoſe weight, an Atlas muſt ſuſtain like heaven,
This favour is too mighty, and if you
Command me, ask a juſt reward, 'tis nothing.
Geo. You had as good ha ſaid nothing, I bluſh for you,
You know many Souldiers
So modeſt, to refuſe pay, or preferment?
They cannot have it ſometimes, after many
Petitions to the State, and now their mindes
Are ſoluble and apt to powre out favours,
You to be ſo maidenly——
Gio. May I credit
With pardon of your wiſdomes, that you mean
To encourage thus the low born *Giovanni*?
Geo. Now he makes queſtion of their honeſty too,
Oh ſimple ſouldier.

Dn.

Du. We look not at thy root, but at thy bloſſom,
And as a preſerver of our Country
We offer up a gratitude, conſult
With thy beſt judgement, (though beſide this act
Of his abroad) I can give no account [*Aſide.*]
Why I ſhould love this young man, or prefer him,
I know not by what myſtery, I have (tune,
Had thoughts to wiſh him more then common for-
And this occaſion of his merit offered.
I will purſue.

Geo. Do as I counſell you, and remember, I
Have left my fortunes, and my trade to ſerve you.

Gio. Call it not pride if I be willing to
Believe your excellence, that I have done
Something your goodneſſe prompts you to reward,
And the grave Senate, I have thought.

Du. Be free.

Geo. Now do I expect to be half a Senator at leaſt:

Gio. And ſince you raiſe my act to ſuch a merit,
I will not ask a thing too much beneath it.

Geo. Well ſaid *Vannij*.

Gio. And ſhame your bounty; yet I may fear
You will not grant———

Geo. Agen?

Du. Name it with confidence.

Gio. I look at no reward of gold.

Geo. How's that? hee's out on's part.

Gio. I know not,
By what fate I contemn it, nor at titles
Of honor, or command, or what can trench
On ſtate or wealth.

Geo. I thank yee heartily,
I muſt to dig agen.

Gio. Employ ſuch gifts,
To pay ſome ſlight, and mercenary ſoules,
That make their end of good, reward, and not

It ſelfe, but ſince you have impos'd I ſhould
Make choyce of ſomwhat know my ambition aims.
Du. At what ?
Gio. It is too great a happineſſe, but I now
Conſider I have pratled to the wind,
What I deſire is not within your power,
And what you may command, not in my wiſhes,
For I would ask *Bellaura*: can you make
Me fit for ſuch a bleſſing? no, you cannot,
Unleſſe I were unborn, and ſhould agen
Come forth, not *Giovanni*, but the Son
Of ſome bright name, and this world-taking honor.
Du. Bellaura? ſtrange requeſt.

Enter Marino *and* Bellaura.

Mar. Madam I dare not
Be ſeen, if you prevail, I ſhall attend,
And put his mercy into act. *Exit.*
Du. Shee's here.
Bel. I have a ſuit to your highneſſe.
Du. Me *Bellaura*?
Bel. About your ſon, whom men to your diſhonor
Lead like ſome baſe offender.
Du. I muſt ſpeak
The cauſe into your ear. [*Whiſpers to her*]
Gio. I was too blame
To mention her ſo publick, but my heart
Grew ſick with ſilence, and their propoſition
To ask what I deſir'd moſt, prevail'd
Againſt my reaſon:
Du. Leave him to me, *Bellaura.*
Do you obſerve that gentleman?
Bel 'Tis *Giovanni.*
He does become the ſouldier.
Du. He has done wonders
Abroad, and quit our gratitude, to be
Onely by you rewarded, can you love him?

Bel.

Bel. I understand you not.
Du. And marry him?
Bel. How have I lost my self, since I became
Your charge, a legacie bequeath'd your care
By my dead father, the late Duke of *Venice*,
That you should think I can descend with such
Forgetfullnesse of my self, my birth or fortunes
To place my love on one so poorly born.
Du. You blush. *Bel.* 'tis anger in my blood to hear
him nam'd. [*To Giovanni*]
You' pay me coursely for my charity.
Learn modesty hereafter to be gratefull.
I ha done we'e sir *Exit.*
Geo. Do you heer the tit? be wise,
And look at ready money, 'tis a better
Commodity then any Lady in Christendom;
Gio. Pray dismiss,
And pardon *Giovanni*. I am satisfied.
For your own honor let not my ambition
Be told abroad, i'le check and punish my
Aspiring thoughts hereafter.
Du. You have leave,
Come gentlemen,
He is in love.
Du. I pitty him. *Exit. Duke and Senator.*
Geo. What shall become of us now by your folly?
Gio. Wee'l to the Garden *George*, and there begin
Another grouth, for what we have's despis'd.
Geo. I knew I should return to my dear dunghill.
Gio. I prethee see the armour which *Bellaura*
Bestow'd on me, brought home.
Geo. Your armour? yes
We might have worn soft natur'd silk, and you had
Been rul'd by me, a pox of love for my part,
'Tis good for nothing, but to make things dear.
Gio. I'le be reveng'd upon my starrs, that made
Me

Me poor, and dye forgotten in my ſhade *Ex.*

A Table prepar'd, two tapers. Enter Florelli.

Flo. I find no great devotion in this
Monaſtick life, the Maior *Domo* promis'd
A Miſtris here of that complexion,
But I like not this ſolitude,
And tedious expectations,
I ſhall nere do things handſomly,
Give me freedome and fair play,
And turn me to a harpy, but to be thus
Compell'd to an imbrace (for thats the meaning
Of my ſlie Signior, if it be not worſe)
Fed high to encounter with an Amazon,
I know not? tis not well, nor conſcionable
In my opinion: I hear ſome buſie
About the lock.

Enter Cornari.

My Jaylor? What now fellowes?
Sir, if I muſt ha my throat cut, as much
Better I do not hope, though I deſerve not
That bounty from your hands, I live ſo dully,
I would requeſt you ſet a time, and't be
A day or two, to pray and think of matters,
And then turn me looſe to the other world!

Cor. Read that. [*gives him a paper*]

He ſhannot ſee my bluſhes, I muſt pitty
Thee *Claudiana*, but my ſtubborn fate
Will have it ſo, it is to make thee live
Although we both muſt ſuffer, and I like
A father thus, whoſe child at play upon
A river's bank, is faln into the ſtream,
Leaps in, and hazard all to ſave a little,
But I muſt on *Exit.*

Flo. Amazement Circles me,
Such wonders are not read in every Marriage,
What ſhall I doe? madneſſe to queſtion it.

I

I muſt reſolve or die? ſince there's no help,
Tis ſomething if ſhe be but like that face
To comfort my proceeding.

Enter Cornari *leading his wife Veild.*

Cor. Behold, and take as lent this treaſure from me,
I muſt expect it back agen with intereſt. { *locks the door and Ex.*
Flo. The dore is faſt agen, here is a preſident
For husbands that want heirs to their eſtate.
A goodly perſon. Pleaſe you Lady, to
Unveil; a rich and moſt inviting beauty. [*ſhe unveils*]
I am all flame, ſhall I take boldneſſe, after
My duty paid your white hand, to aſpire
And touch your lip--now could I wiſh to dwell
here. [*he kiſſes*]
Can you read Lady? (Signior { *She takes the paper & turns.*
She turnes away her face. I hope my
Has taken paines to bring her to the buſineſſe,
And not left me to break her: can ſhe ſpeak?
Thoſe lines (I know not how you like 'em Madam)
Were none of my invention, the character,
I gueſſe to be your husbands. I am here
A priſoner to his will, to which unleſſe
You give obedience, I have took leave
Of day for ever, deſtin'd by his vow
To an eternall ſhade. *Exit Claudiana.*
She leads the way;
Conſcience be calme, no grumblings now of piety.

Act. 5.

Giovanni. The pieces of Armour hung upon ſeverall trees Roberto, Urſula.

Gio. THeſe were the excellent *Bellaura's* gift,
Of no uſe now to me, but to keep freſh

The memory of my dreams and that I lov'd her.
I see how passion did blind my reason,
And my prodigious hopes vanish'd to air
Have left me to contemplate my own vanity.

Ro. I know not, but if I may credit *Georgio*
That did wait on thee to the Senate, thou
Hast lost an opportunity, that might
Have made us all *Clarissimo's Giovanni.*
I might have kept my reverend Mules, and had
My Crupper worshipped by the Plebeians,
And *Ursula* here been Madam heaven knowes what,
And did you wisely to refuse?

Ur. Nay, nay I know
He was not born to do us good, not stoop
To take preferment from the Duke and Senate?

Ro. Well, 'twas his modesty.

Ur. He learn't it not from me.

Ro. No more——

Ur. You wil be alwaies taking his part against me,
But I know, what I know, and that's a secret,
Here comes the t'other Dunderhead.

Enter Georgio.

Geo. The armour is hung up already, this
We must all come to.

Ro. What to the Gibet *Georgio*? { *Pointing to the Helmet.*

Geo. Master look here.
If you had but this hole to put your head in,
It would be a great preservative to your hearing,
And keep out all the noise, of my Dames Culvering,
Within this fortification well lock'd up. (per.
You would think her loudest scolding a meer whis-

Urs. What's that you talk of your Dame sirra?

Geo. Oh dame, I have newes for you. (cern?

Urs For me? what is't? whom does your new's con-

Geo. One that you love with all your heart.

Ro. Who is't knave?

Geo.

Geo. Knave? call your word in, and eat it, I'le advise,
You may fare worse: you do not hear the news then?
Urs. I shall when you'l find utterance.
Geo. The newes——
We are all of one Religion?
Ro. Out with it.
Ge. Every thing is not to be talk'd on.
Ro. So it seems by your concealment.
Urs. Shall we hear it?
Geo. Yes? Signior *Thomazo*—
Urs. What of him? (tleman.
Geo. There's a gentleman, and you talk of a gen-
Urs. What of *Thomazo*? now am I longing.
Geo. I heard, as I came hither——
Vrs. What?
Ro. Let us hear too.
Urs. What? be brief.
Geo. That he is to lose his head Mistriss——
Urs. Now a thousand blisters upon that tongue,
Geo. But you do not know for what, mistrisse there's it,
You are so angry still at half a businesse.
Urs. For what is he to suffer? oh my heart!
Geo. For nothing but high treason.
Ro. How?
Geo. You ha'not patience, to hear a story out.
Ro High treason said he? that's a shrewd businesse.
Urs. Thomazo lose his head?
Ro. So it seems.
Urs. Better thy generation were headlesse.
Geo. I told you but in good will, because I knew
You lov'd him, I ha done. *Exit.*
Urs. Passion O my dear heart! i'le to the Duke
My self, and beg his pardon.
Ro. You'l make

Your ſelf a party in the treaſon, will you?
You'l beg his pardon, you'l beg a halter,
And ſooner 'twill be granted.
Vrſ. Giovanni,
Sweet *Giovanni*, there's a ſunſhine word.
Deere child go with us.
Ro. Us? doſt think i'le goe
And run my head into the hempe?
Vrſ. Beſt hony-ſuckle!
One word ohine will ſtrike the pardon dead.
Gio. Ide rather go a pilgrimage.
Vrſ. Thou ſhalt go a pilgrimage, another time
To the worlds end, I charge thee on my bleſſing,
And husband you muſt gotoo.
Ro. No, no not I.
I thank you *Urſula*, i'le not have my foot
Nor hand in any treaſon.
Vrſ. Is it ſo much to kneel? you ſhall ſay nothing.
Unleſſe you pleaſe, leave all the talk to me,
Ro. I wo'not go, though the Duke ſend for me.
Vrſ. How? that's a piece a treaſon.
Ro. So, if I go not,
Shee'l betray me too; well *Giovanni* ſhall go too,
Where is he?
Vrſ. Let me alone to conjure him.
Shall we go preſently, delaies are dangerous.
The raſcall *George* is gone too, all forſake me
In my diſtreſſe.
Ro. What will you ſay *Vrſula*, (on you?
When you come there; what will the Dukes think
Or who ſhall ſuffer for your impudence?
And what? that is conſiderable, I have
No mind to go agen.
Vrſ. Then I'le ſpoile the Garden,
Break up the hedges, and deface the works
Your darling *Giovanni* made; i'le let in

A regiment of ſwine, and all their Officers
To undermine the Caſtle he made laſt,
And fortified with Cannon, though I dye for't.
Ro. More treaſon, well I will go, but I hope
You wo'not trudge this evening, if we muſt
Reſolve upon't, let us do things diſcreetly.
Vrſ. That was well ſaid, nay, I am for diſcretion
For all my haſt.
Ro. I think it moſt convenient
To wait his buſineſſe, coming forth his Chamber
To morrow morning *Vrſula*, and then let
Good natures work, to nights no time,
We muſt conſult our Pillowes; what to ſay;
And how to place our words.
Vrſ. Now 'tis my beſt
Pigeon, let's home inſtantly.
Ro. A ſober pace goes far, not too faſt *Vrſula*,
Remembring the Proverb, and what followes;
We ſhould march ſlow to ſave me from the gallowes.
Exit.

Emer Cornari *with a Piſtoll and a rapier.* Florelli.

Cor. You have had your time of pleaſure, can you pray?
Flo. Pray, what do you mean Signior. (manded
Cor. The Lady whom you have enjoy'd, com-
I ſhould preſent one of theſe two, or both
In token of her gratitude.
Flo. This cannot
Be earneſt ſir.
Cor. Theſe are the Jewells
Which you muſt wear ſir next your heart: how de'e
Affect the luſtre of this toy? 'tis bright,
But here's a thing will ſparkle.
Flo. I am loſt.
Is this the promiſe of my ſafety?
Cor. Yes,

This will ſecure all, thou dull Ilander,
'Cauſe you can dance, and vault upon a hobbihorſe,
De'e think to mount Madonas here, and not
Pay for the ſweet Carreere. Fool, to thy prayers;
For when theſe meſſengers ſalute thy heart,
Thy ſoul ſhall find, I'm an Italian,
And wo'not truſt a life to him, whoſe tongue
Commands my honor.

Flo. Art a Chriſtian?

Cor. As much as comes to a Venetians faith,
That believes no man is moreto fit die
Then he, that has been capering with my wife.

Flo. Ye cannot ſir forget I was betrai'd,
Awake thy conſcience, and let that anſwer
I have obey'd a dire neceſſity,
And was brought hither by a ſtratagem.

Cor. 'Tis all one Signior; I preſume you gave
Conſent to the deere matter of delight,
Which is not held convenient you ſhould talk of.

Flo. Hold.

Cor. Hope not to breath ten minutes, gather up
Thoſe thoughts you would have wait upon you to
Another world.

Flo. Then 'tis high time to think
Of other matters, though you have cruelly
Reſolv'd there is no ſafety for your fame,
To let me ſtill be numbred with the living.
(Which if your ſcattered reaſon were collected,
I could refute,) but I'le not hope it now,)
Since moſt ignobly 'gainſt the rules of honor,
And faith already forfeit, you will make
This undefenced pile your ſacrifice,
Yet do not kill me twice.

Cor. Twice?

Flo. Such a rage
Were infinite; practiſe not cruelty

Upon

Upon my ſecond life, by murdering my
Eternity, allow to my laſt breath,
[illegible]ve to diſcharge the weight of many ſinnes
[illegible]o the boſome of ſome confeſſor.
Cor. This may be granted, 'tis not much unreaſonable.
Flo. Your charity will think it fit to allow
Some minutes to collect my ſelf.
Cor. To ſhew
My deſign has no malice in't, i'le do
Your ſoul that office, though our bodies muſt not
Enjoy this aire together many howrs.
I'le ſend one to you. *Exit.*
Flo. The innocence of a Saint,
Wod not ſecure his life from an Italian
When his revenge is fixt. In what black hour
Did I ſalute the world, that I am thrown
Upon ſo hard a fate? it is not fit
To expoſtulate with heaven, or I could ſay
Something in my defence, (as I am man)
To keep this mighty rock from falling on me,
My tutelar Angell be at counſell with
My thoughts, and if there be a path of ſafety
Direct my trembling ſteps to find, and taſt it.
Enter Cornari *in a Friers habit.*
Has kept his word, and 'tis no time to trifle,
As y'are a Prieſt, and by that ſacred order
And ſcapular you wear, not onely hear me
But uſe your pious art to ſave from ruine
A man condemn'd for that which heaven and you
Call vertue, for not doing a black deed
Would damn three ſoules at once, & if your power
Cannot prevail for mercy to my life,
I challenge you when I am dead, to be
A witneſſe of my innocence.
Cor. This has

No ſhape of a confeſſion.

Flo. Nor do I
Under that holy ſeal diſcourſe a ſtory,
Yet Father I muſt throw my ſelf upon
Your Charity. Know therefore I am betraid,
And by the plot of him that owes this Palace
(Whoſe name is never like to meet my knowledge)
Snatch'd up, one fatall evening, and forc'd hither
By ſome dark miniſters he had employ'd
(I know not which way) to this fatall chamber.
I ſhudder but to name what impious act
Againſt his own, and his dear Ladies honor
He had deſign'd for me; Her chaſter ſoul
Should have been ſtain'd, in his diſtruſt of heaven,
To bleſſe him with an heir, and her white treaſure.
By me a ſtranger rifled, had not providence.
Chain'd up our blood, ſo that the hours he gave
To ſerve his black ambition, and our luſt,
We onely ſpent in prayers for his converſion.

Cor. Ha.

Flo. This yet he knowes not, and it is not ſafe
To appear in our own vertue, ſince the juſtice
We did our peace, in croſſing his expectance
May improve his rage to both our ruines. This
Sad ſtory frights you, there is horror in't,
But 'tis an hour, the laſt, without ſome miracle
To reſcue me (a man diſarm'd) from violence,
Nor dare I mock heaven now, or hang upon
My ſoul the burden of a lie, when tis
Taking her laſt eternall flight, It is not
A fear to dye afflicts me, with my faith
And innocence about me; I have look'd
Death in the face, and be it thought no boaſt
To ſay, I have taught others by example
To march up to the ugliеſt face of danger.

But

But to die thus dishonorably, to be
Sent out o'th world i'th dark, without a name
Or any account to those, to whom I owe
My blood, and birth? persons that carry names
Of honor in my Country? This doth stagger me
To quit my life, and may excuse my addresse
To you, who have Authority from heaven
To take his fury off, whom otherwise
I expect my violent executioner.
I have some tremblings for his Lady, whose Son,
Most holy tears, stream'd through my soul compassi-
And charm'd my blood, tears, if he durst have pati-
ence
Were powerfull enough to beg from heaven
That blessing which he fondly thinks to hasten,
With losse of his eternity.

Cor. No more.

Exit Conrari hastily, having thrown off the habit
Enter again with Claudiana.

Forgive me, oh forgive me *Claudiana*,
And if my sin of forcing thy obedience
Beyond the rules of honor, and of marriage
Have not quite murd'red thy affection;
Wish me a little life for my repentance.

Cl. I joy to hear this from you.

Fl. There's work within me, and so deep a sense
Of my own shame and sorrow, that I feel
My heart already weeping out a bath
To make thee white agen.

Cla. Sir, in what best
I understand, I must ask you forgiveness.

Cor. Ha mine, for what, betraying thee to dark-
nesse?

Cla. For disobeying your command.

Cor. Thou didst
The impious act by my design, which takes

Thy guilt away, and ſpreads the leproſie
Upon my ſelf.
Cla. Although you kill me ſir,
I muſt remove the cloud, and let you ſee
Me as I am, not chang'd from my firſt innocence.
Cor. Poſſible?
Cl. Moſt eaſie, where there is
A chaſt reſolve, and I muſt tell you ſir,
Although I wanted courage to oppoſe
Your paſſion, when your reaſon, and religion
Were under violence of your will, my heart
Reſolv'd to try my own defence, and rather
Then yeeld my ſelf a ſhamefull ſpoile to luſt,
By my own death to quit my name from ſcandall;
But providence determin'd better for me,
And made me worth a ſtrangers piety,
Whom your chice meant the ruine of my honor;
If this want entertainment in your faith,
'Tis peace to my poor heart that I have many
White witneſſes in Heaven.
Cor. You have done no feats then?
My wife is chaſt.
Flo. I cannot ſir engage
My laſt breath to a nobler truth.
Cor. 'Tis ſo——— *Ex. Cla.*
You may withdraw *Claudiana*; by what
Has been expreſt, though I am ſatisfied,
You are not guilty in the fact, as I
Expected, 'tis not ſafe, when I conſider
My own fame in the ſtory, that you live ſir.
I muſt not truſt you longer with a ſecret
That by my tameneſſe may hereafter ſpread
The infamy abroad: there's no avoiding----
Flo. Then I muſt die.
Cor. Perhaps you have ſome hope

Thi-

This engine may deceive me, and my fortune
Not coming better arm'd, give you the advantage
To uſe your ſtrength, upon my ſingle perſon!
I know you are active, but i'le make ſure work. *Ex.*

Flo. Till now I did not reach the precipice.
My heart would mutinie, but my hands are naked,
And can do nothing.

Enter Cornari with Bravos arm'd.

A knot of murderers! arme me with a ſword,
And let me die fighting againſt you all.
I'le ſay y'are noble hangmen, and not throw
One curſe among you.

Cor. I've one word to ſay ſir.
Let none approach,
The fatall doom I threatned is revers'd;
Throw off your wonder, and believe you may
Live long, if not in *Venice*, and your ſafety
Is more confirm'd at Diſtance, you are noble,
An honor to your nation. Here is gold,
I know not how you may be furniſhed ſir
For travell hence, bills of exchange may fail.
Theſe will defray a preſent charge; betray
No wonder, take it.

Flo. I'le accept your bounty,
And will not ask to whom I owe all this,
Forgive me that. I thought you not ſo honorable.
So when you pleaſe, i'le take my leave.

Cor. Not yet.
By ſuch attendants ss you came to me,
I have provided ſir for your departure.
Your duties gentlemen. You know my purpoſe.

The Bravos blindhim, and bind him as before. *Exeunt.*

Enter Claudiana.

Cor. Reſume thy place within my ſoul *Claudiana*,
When I have done my ſorrow for what's paſt
Weel ſmile, and kiſſe for ever. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A letter ſir.
Cor. From whence?
Ser. Your Nephew now a Priſoner.
Cor. Let him rot, and give 'em back the paperkite.
Ser. The meſſenger is gone.
Cor. Then he expects no anſwer. [*Cor. ready*]
Cla. You may read it.
Cor. Sir, I ſend not to you for reliefe, nor to
Mediate my pardon. I have not liv'd after
The rate to deſerve your bread to feed me,
Nor your breath to ſave me. I onely beg
That you would put me into your prayers,
And forgiveneſſe, and believe, I do not wiſh life,
But to redeem my ſelf from paſt impieties,
And ſatisfie by a repentance the diſhonors
Have beene done to you, by the worſt of men.
Malipiero.
This is not his uſuall ſtile.
Cla. This miracle may be.
Cor. I do want faith.
Cla. And ſent a bleſſing to reward our penitence.
Heaven has a ſpacious charity.
Cor. Thou art all goodneſſe. *Ex.*

Enter

Enter the Bravos, they lay him down, and Exeunt: Florelli recovers.

Flo. Sure this is gold. *Enter* 3. *gentlemen.*

Omnes. Florelli.

Flo. The ſame.

1. Thy looks are wild.

2. Where in the name of wonder haſt thou been.

Flo. I am drop'd from the Moon.

3. The Moon.

Flo. I was ſnatch'd up in a whirlwind,
And din'd and ſup'd at *Cynthia's* own table, (men,
Where I drank all your healths in Nectar gentle-
Do yee want money? if you havea mind
To return viceroyes, let's take ſhipping inſtantly.

1. And whither then?

Flo. For new diſcoveries,
A cloud will take us up at Sea.

2. 'Tis morning. (ther

Flo. To drink, and then aboord, no matter whi-
l'le keep this for a monument.

3. That bag?

Flo. Do not profane it, 'twas *Endimions* pillow
Stuffd with horne ſhavings of the Moon, it had
The vertue when ſhe clap'd it ore my head
To bring me thence inviſible through the air;
The moon does mobble up her ſelf ſometime in't.
Where ſhe will ſhew a quarter face, and was
The firſt that wore a black bag.

1. But doſt hear?

Flo. No inquiſitions if you will leave *Venice.*
Let's drink and ſpoon away with the next veſſell.
A hundred leagues hence, I may tell you wonders.
Here is a chime to make Ring *Oberon*
Queen *Mab*, and all her fayries turn o'th toe boyes.

2. Hee's mad I think. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vrſula, Roberto, Giovanni.

Vrſ. I could not ſleep all this night for dreaming,
O' my poor ſuckling.
Ro. peace I ſay and wait
In ſilence *Vrſula*.
Gio. You may excuſe me yet.
I wo'd not ſee his excellence. Ypear
Vrſ. 'Tis not my meaning boy, thou ſhouldſt ap-
Unleſſe there be neceſſity, you may ſtay, ith'e next
Chamber.

Enter a Courtier.

Vrſ. I beſeech you Signior, is this grace coming
forth.
Cor. Not yet.
Vrſ. I have an humble ſute, I muſt deliver
A paper to his graces own hand,
I hope his grace can read. *Ex. Cl.*
Ro. Why how now bagpiper.
Vrſ. Nay, theres no harm in't what if he can,
You will be talking, did not I ſay
I would ſpeak all my ſelf. Cor's
Ro. But *Vrs.* what do you think now will become
When you have told your tale, though I am innb-
cent.
It will be no great credit, nor much comfort
To ſee you whipt my *Vrſula*, I would
Be ſorry for my part to peep through a Pillory
And have an even reckoning with my ears,
Having no more hair to keep warm, and hide
The poor concavities.
Vrſ. Never fear it husband.
Ro. I will ſo curſe you *Vrſula*, and once
A day, bind your body to a pear tree,
And thraſh your hanches till you ſtink agen;
For ought I know thou haſt committed treaſon,
Look

Look to't, and bring me off with all my quarters
If I be maim'd or crop't, I'le flea thee *Vrſula*,
And ſtuffe thy skin with ſtraw, and hang thee up
To keep the fruit from Crowes, and after burn it.
To kill the Caterpillars, come, be wiſe in time,
And let *Thomazo* quietly be hang'd,
Or headed yet, and talk no more, he is
But one, and has a young neck to endure it.
We are old, and ſha'not ſhew with half the grace
Without our heads, 'twill be a goodly ſight
To ſee our faces grin upon two poles,
To tell the gaping world how we came thither
To perſh, and ſtink in unity, be wiſe,
And leave *Thomazo* to the Law.

Vrſ. Can you be ſo uncharitable, oh Tyrant!

Enter Duke, Marino.

May it pleaſe your excellence, my husband and
My ſelf.

Ro. She has put me in already.

Vrſ. Humbly beſeech a pardon for our ſon.

Du. Your ſon *Giovanni*, where is he?

Vrſ. He waites in the next Chamber.

Du. Call him in. What is the fact?
It muſt be an offence next treaſon, if we
Deny him pardon.

Ro. I fear 'tis much about the matter.

Du. What is the fact?

Enter Giovanni.

Vr. We do beſeech you grant a pardon firſt,
And then you ſhall know all.

Du. That were prepoſterous juſtice.
Why doſt thou kneel *Giovanni*?

Gio. To beg your mercy ſir
To him, for whom my mother kneeles

Du. She askes thy pardon.
Gio. Mine? Let me offend first.
Du. Hee's innocent. (it.
Vr. No matter what he saies, my husband knowes
Ro. Shee'l make sure of me. (don,
Vr. And if your highnesse will but grant the par-
Your grace shall not repent, but thank me for
The best discovery; i'le not bribe your excellence,
But I will give you for it, what you'l hold
As pretious as your Dukedome.
Du. The old woman
Raves, you had best send her to the house
Of the insani.
Ro. So shee's to be whip'd already,
Du. What do you say *Roberto!*
Ro. I say nothing,
But that I think my wife will hardly mend upon't.
Du. Upon what?
Ro. On whipping, if it like your highnesse,
She cannot feel those small corrections.
I have taw'd hunting Poles, and hemp upon her,
And yet could do no good. (don,
Ur. Let not your grace mind him, give me a par-
And if I do not make good all my promise,
You shall hang my husband, and flea me alive.
Du. What's that paper?
Ro. Ge't him, thou shouldst have done this afore.
I am prepar'd, more bone and flesh upon me
If the businesse come to hanging, were a curtesie.
Urs. Nay 'tis there in black and white, you'l find it.
Giovanni is your son, that was the Gardiner,
And he that is in prison poor *Thomazo*
My lawfully begotten.
Du. Chang'd in their infancie.
Urs. And since conceal'd out of ambition
To see my own a great man.

Ro.

Ro. I feel the knot under my ear.
Vr. I durſt not truſt my husband.
Ro. That was not much amiſſe.
Vrſ. He has not wit enough to keep my ſecrets.
Ro. Oh what a bleſſing has that man whoſe wife
Knowes when to hold her peace.
Mar. Sir, if we may compare their tracts of life,
I ſhall believe your nobleneſſe liv'd there
In *Giovanni*, not ſuppreſt in poverty,
And their rude courſe condition, notwithſtanding
The helpes of Education, which ſeldome
Do correct nature in *Thomazo's* low
And abject ſpirit.
Du. I'me too full, I muſt
Diſperſe my ſwelling joyes or be diſſolv'd,
Summon our friends, invite *Bellaura* hither.
Art thou my ſon?
Gio. I would I were ſo bleſt.
I ow'd you duty ſir before, and now
My knees encline with double force to humble
The doubtfull *Giovanni*.
Du. Let that name
Be loſt, take all my bleſſings in *Thomazo*.
Vrſ. What think you of this *Roberto*.
Ro. Why? I think
The Duke is mad, and when he finds his wits
Hee'l hang us both yet.
Du. Now I find the reaſon.
And ſecret of my nature: but tell me
What after ſo long ſilence, made you now
Open the cloud that had conceal'd my ſon?
Ro. I know not ſir---now *Urſula*.
Vr. The weakneſſe of a woman, and a mother
That would be loath to ſee her naturall child
Dye like a bird upon a bough for treaſon,
Nature will work, a mother is a mother,

And your ſon, by the opening of this riddle
Reſtor'd, I hope all ſhall be well agen.
Ro. Would I were fair waſh'd, yet out of my pickle.
Vr. What think you now?
Ro. I wiſh, I wiſh I could not think.

Enter Senators, Cornari.

Cor. We hear of wonders ſir.
Du. This is my ſon.
Cor. With our moſt glad embraces let us hold you.
Gio. Ever a ſervant to your gravities.
Ro. The skie clears up.

Enter Bellaura, Marino.

Du. Bellaura, now receive not *Giovanni*,
But *Contarini's* ſon my deer *Thomazo*.
Bel. My heart hath wings to meet him.
Tho. Oh my happineſſe!
Du. Pauſe a little.
Ro. I melt agen *Vrſula*, the Duke points at us,
And carries fireworks in his eyes,
Du. Though we did grant a pardon for your ſon,
You are ſubject to the cenſure of our lawes
For this impoſture. (beg
Ro. I knew 't would come, now telltale, will you
The favour we may hang till we be dead?
Sweet *Giovanni Thomazo* ſpeak for us,
Not guilty my Lord, I am not guilty,
Spare me, and let my wife be burn'd or hang'd,
Or drown'd, or any thing you ſhall think fit,
You ſhall find me reaſonable,
Who ſhall beg our pardon?
Vr. Mercy oh mercy.
Tho. Let me beſeech you for their pardon ſir.
They alwaies us'd me civilly.
Bel. Let me joine.
Sen. And all of us, this is a day of triumph.
Du. It ſhall be ſo.

Ro.

Ro. A Jubile, a Jubile, here comes *Thomazo*,
I ſhall ſpeak treaſon preſently.
Vrſ. Now heaven preſerve your ſweet graces.
Enter Thomazo, Malipiero.
Gio. Mercy, oh mercy, my indulgent father.
Vrſ. Art thou come boy?
Gio. Boy? ſtand away good woman.
Vrſ. I have procur'd thy pardon, mary have I child. (Crone.
Gio. I wo'd 'twere true, thou wert ever a loving
Ro. You may believe her ſon.
Gio. Son, the old fellow's mad.
Vrſ. I ſay thou art pardon'd,
You muſt kneel to me now, and this good
Old man, and ask us bleſſing.
Mar. Your name is prov'd *Giovanni* now, the Duke
Has found another ſon.
Gio. What ſhall become of me?
Du. You ſhall be onely puniſh'd to return,
And dig as he hath done, and change your name
To *Giovanni*, nature was not willing
You ſhould forget your trade, where's my *Thomazo*?
Gio. Are you my father?
Ro. So my wife aſſures me.
Gio. Are you my mother?
Vrſ. I my deere child.
Gio. And you Signior *Thomazo*, that was I?
Tho. And you *Giovanni* with the infide outward
Gio. And muſt I be a Gardiner? I am glad on't.
Pray give me a couple of bleſſings, and a ſpade,
And fico for this frippery. I'le thank
My deſtiny that has yet kept my thread
To a better uſe then hanging.
Corn. Let nothing
Of puniſhment profane this day, I muſt
Implore your mercy upon this young man,

Whoſe

Whose future life may recompence his past
Impieties, and make him serviceable
To honor and good men.

Du. You shew charity,
If I have heard a truth in some sad stories,
Hee's yours and pardon'd.

Ma. Y'are a miracle
Of goodnesse, 'tis too much to look upon,
Whom I have with such impudence offended.
Command me sir abroad untill by some
Years well employd, a pennance for my crimes
I may be thought one worthy to be own'd
Your Kinsman.

Du. Agen, welcome my *Thomazo*,
My dearest pledge, till now I was no father;
In him, the want of hope my thoughts oppress,
In thee my fortunes, and my name are blest.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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